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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
ABRAHAM LUCKENBACH

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

By H. E. STOCKER

BIOGRAPHY OF BROTHER ABRAHAM LUCKENBACH.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF AND LEFT FOR HIS DEAR CHILDREN.

Since at my already far advanced years of life the moment for closing my earthly pilgrimage might come quickly, and because I have been urged by good friends to make some memorandum of the circumstances of my life, I therefore consider it my duty not only to fulfill their wish, but principally to be found willing, to the praise and honor of my Lord and Saviour, to write down what may serve to increase His glory and exalt His grace in connection with my poor, unworthy being, and leave it behind me as a monument to His love and mercy.

I was born May 5, 1777, in Upper Saucon, Lehigh County, about nine miles from Bethlehem, Pa., where my father had bought a small estate upon which he sought to support himself by tanning and shoe-making. He made the acquaintance of the Brethren in Oley, when he learned his trade with Bro. Eschbach, who was at that time a member of the Brethren's Church and occasionally conducted meetings at that place.

My father had been a widower twice before he married my mother and had joined the Mennonite persuasion, therefore he was now, together with my mother, excluded from that communion, because she was a step-sister of the former wife. Such marriages are regarded as unlawful by this denomination. This caused my parents, who did not live far from Emaus, to attend the meetings of the Brethren at that place. They found a friendly reception at the hands of the minister, Bro. Franz Boehler, who was there at that time, and by whom I and my younger brothers were baptized. My baptism took place when I was one and three-fourths years of age, on January 19, 1779, and in this way I became a member of the Church of Christ. My parents, who were now separated from the Mennonite Communion, sought a more intimate acquaintance with the Brethren's Church. Here they had opportunity not only to attend her services but also to become familiar with her history. To be nearer to the Church, my father sold his well-appointed little place and in the year mentioned above, 1779, removed to the neighborhood of Bethlehem, where he took charge of a farm on the land of the Brethren. Subsequently he and my mother joined the Brethren's Church. When Bishop Reichel, of the U. E. C., made a visitation to North America, while he was at Bethlehem, he baptized three of my grown-up step-brothers and sisters in the Church auditorium, amid a powerful feeling of the gracious presence of the Holy Trinity and a special anointing from above, which made a blessed impression on the

whole congregation, and which was vividly remembered, in later years, by many who were present.

Because my mother died of hasty consumption, in the Spring of 1781, when but twenty-four years old, my father, a part of his family being still unreared, was compelled by circumstances to marry again. He therefore sought in marriage the hand of the single sister, Elizabeth Partsch, in the Sisters' House at Bethlehem, who proved herself to us, her step-children, a truly faithful mother. She took to heart in a special manner the bringing up of the two smallest children in the family. To this number my younger brother and I belonged, being three and four years old, respectively. To her we largely owed our later Christian training, which she could impart so much the better because she had been brought up in a children's institution. Nothing gave her more pleasure than when she saw that we made progress in our studies. Her instruction proved to be a great help to us. She sought to make our tender hearts receptive to the grace of God and to the nurture of the Holy Spirit. She took pains to teach us hymns and to sing with us. I received my first impression of the love of the Saviour when she taught me the verse: "O my dearly beloved little Jesus."

As I was frail by nature and therefore subject to colds, in the winter months, I generally had long and severe attacks of a convulsive cough, which compelled me to pass a great deal of my time in the house. Not until my eighth year was I quite free from this weakness. Since the Boys' School was at Bethlehem at this time, from about 1780-1785, I enjoyed instruction in that institution, as well as the blessing of the children's hour and the Church Days. On the last occasions we were addressed very edifyingly and impressively. The speaking of the children, which preceded, was superintended by the Brethren Jacob Van Vleck and Kramsch. This helped me to understand a great many things. The questions which were put to me on these occasions in regard to my state of heart and conduct, whether I loved the Saviour and lived in familiar intercourse with Him, made a deep impression upon my heart, and I could not forget them for a long time. They so quickened my conscience that I could not allow myself to do anything wicked without severe suffering.

Praise for my good conduct often came to my ears through my step-mother, who praised me to the rest of my brothers and sisters and set me up as an example for them. They had to be punished frequently. This was not necessary in my case because a sharp word would keep me in check. This gave me at an early time a too good opinion of myself. I came to the conclusion that I must be better than they, which occasioned ill feeling against me on their part. The Spirit of God, however, strove early with my heart and led me to humility, without which all other virtues have no value before God. To this end He made use of certain means to attain His purpose. For example, a prayer meeting was held on Children's Days of the congregation for those children who had reported themselves prepared to recite verses. These received the solemn assurance that the favor of attending this meeting was extended to them because

they belonged to the number of those who were worthy to worship the Saviour by prostrating themselves before Him. Since I, as well as my younger brothers, had reported myself as prepared to take part, it gave me a decided shock when they received permission to attend the prayer meeting and I had to stay at home, where I had to remain all alone in a room meanwhile. This humbled me before the Saviour and I burst into tears and begged Him earnestly, in my loneliness, to make me worthy of this favor and to receive me among the number of His children. After a while I felt comforted. In this way I had to learn even then, in the school of the Spirit of God, the truth which the Saviour so emphatically impressed upon His disciples, when He said: "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased." The joy, however, was all the greater at the next Children's Day of the congregation, when I was told that I now had permission to take part in the worship. In that meeting I felt inexpressibly happy. Going to church and attending meetings gave me great joy at this time of my life, and especially did I find pleasure in the Christmas celebration, on which occasion my father took us by the hand and led us to church. He was always careful that we missed neither meeting nor school.

In the Spring of 1786 my parents removed to Hope, New Jersey, where they took charge of the congregational farm, which for us children had the drawback that we came in contact with strange, and for the most part worldly workmen. At such a place, especially in summer, all sorts of laborers had to be hired, so that much that was wicked was to be seen and heard, all of which had a bad influence on youthful minds. Very dangerous indeed would this situation have proved to me, if the inner voice of the grace of the Spirit of God had not continually labored with my heart, and if my parents had not kept a watchful eye upon me. I stood in great awe of my parents and especially of my father. This protected me from such evil to which I was abundantly exposed. Afterwards I was very thankful that he was so strict with his children, and the word of the apostle occurred to me when he said: "The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ."

Bro. Grube, who was the pastor of the congregation at that time, often spoke very forcefully with us in the children's hour, as well as in individual interviews before the children's days of the congregation, concerning the love of the Saviour and the need of yielding the heart to Him. He insisted that every one of us should make a covenant with the Saviour that we would be His possession. At one time when he spoke with me, he made me promise with a hand-shake, that I would go apart by myself and fall down on my knees before the Saviour and beseech Him to forgive all my sins of disobedience and indifference, and make a covenant with Him to be and ever remain His very own. This in my bewildered state of heart threw me into great confusion, because I had never before turned to the Saviour, in such a solemn manner, in prayer. In accordance with my promise, I sought out a lonely place and knelt down, although not with-

out the greatest timidity and bashfulness, which undoubtedly arose from estrangement from God, and which brought with it something distressing. Meanwhile I prayed, as well as I could, to the Saviour to forgive me the manifold sins and transgressions with which I had given sorrow to Him and my parents and those over me. I arose very happy and cheerful and comforted myself greatly that the Saviour would now be gracious unto me, because I had kept my promise and done my duty.

During the first year of my stay at Hope, the school was conducted by the minister of the congregation and limited to three or four hours each day. It was therefore very desirable to me and beneficial too, as well as to the other pupils, when, in the year 1787, we received a separate school teacher in Bro. Chr. Till, to whom I went until my fourteenth year and made better progress than ever before.

On January 9, 1789, at the celebration of the Boys' Festival, I was received into that choir, and on the following first of June, my reception into the congregation took place. This made me think deeply, especially so because my step-mother frequently directed my thoughts to my state of heart and encouraged me to persevere in order to prepare myself for the enjoyment of the Holy Communion, the favor of witnessing which I was to enjoy, as a candidate, the following October. I was to partake of this great good for the first time, on January 16, 1790. This proved to be a blessing never to be forgotten. I had been prepared for it shortly before and confirmed by Bro. Ludwig Boehler, minister of the congregation at that time. I now had ever increasing opportunity to learn what sort of a child I was spiritually. Good and evil inclinations alternated within me. "To will was present with me, but how to perform that which was good, I found not." Of temptations to go astray there was no lack, and since I was the only one among my companions who went to Holy Communion, I frequently had to suffer at their hands, when I disapproved of their wicked actions and held back from them. On the other hand, I could not escape their sharp criticism if I permitted myself to commit some wrong. Although strong appeals were made to my heart, at that time, through the impressive sermons and addresses by the minister of that day, Bro. Ludwig Boehler, which brought me great distress of heart, and although I strove to live a life well-pleasing to God, I became more and more conscious of the power of sin within me, and often painfully felt that in my heart no good thing dwelt, and that if I could follow my inclinations unpunished, it would speak badly for me.

The feeling of sinfulness and the anguish on account of it was stirred up especially before partaking of the Holy Communion, because a sharp self-examination was urged and the worthy and unworthy partaking, according to the words of the Apostle Paul in I Cor. 11:27-29, brought into consideration. Since my walk was more legal than evangelical, and my consciousness of sin made me very timid toward the Saviour and, my pastor, I would not go without fear, almost bordering on terror, to the service preparatory to the Holy Communion. The thought often arose in my mind, whether it would not be better for me, for the time being, to stay

away entirely, and to postpone the enjoyment thereof until I had bettered myself, because I believed that the Lord's Supper had been instituted for such only as had attained to a certain degree of holiness, which I had not yet reached, and had therefore undertaken too soon to go to the table of the Lord. The good Spirit, in whose school I was, did not allow this, however, and I continued, although with a feeling of uneasiness, to attend every Communion without interruption. Although I did not at that time rightly understand the words: "This is the body of the Lord given for you," nevertheless the partaking of Communion proved to me a strong means of preservation from transgression and from the sin dwelling within me, and gave the Spirit of God opportunity, by means of the frequent heart-searchings appointed before the enjoyment of the Holy Communion, to reveal to me, more and more, my great spiritual weakness.

My father had an attack of dropsy from which he suffered for more than a year. On this account he could seldom leave the house, and I was left too much to myself among the laborers. Being in my fifteenth year, arrangements were made before he passed away, to send me to Bro. Franz Thomas at Bethlehem, to learn the trade of cabinet-maker. After taking leave of my sick father with a feeling of sadness on both sides, knowing full well that I would never again see him in this life, I made my way by sleigh to Bethlehem, during the latter part of January, 1792.

I now found myself under good oversight, since I labored in the workshop with my master during the day and spent the rest of my time in the boys' room in the Brethren's House. It gave my parents no little distress to have me leave them in a half-deaf condition, which was brought about by my contracting a cold while skating on the ice. It was extremely doubtful whether I would ever regain my hearing, since all means tried to effect a cure had proved fruitless. It was not an easy thing for me to go to a strange place and live among unfamiliar faces. I frequently sighed in secret to the Saviour to restore my hearing, and sure enough, several months after, applying a plaster to my back, which was covered with ulcers that almost paralyzed me completely, my prayer was heard. I found to my great joy that my hearing was perfectly restored, and I never again lost it. With a special feeling of gratitude, I was now able to attend the meetings and understand the sermons and addresses delivered by Bro. Klingsohr, who was the minister at that time. These were very impressive to me and more and more possessed my heart and soul so that I began to feel that there was no higher state on earth than to become a transformed human being, by the grace of God, and to follow the Saviour unmoved, in simplicity and humility.

After I had spent a number of years in learning my trade, my master turned over the greatest part of the work to me, because he filled the office of cicerone, which at times engaged all his attention. This, however, helped me to make more rapid progress in my trade, because everything was entrusted to me. Consequently I had to take more pains and be more diligent to do that which was needful for the finishing of the desired

work. As I did not lack ambition to equal others and even to excel them, my master was usually not only very well satisfied with my work, but occasionally praised it in my presence, comparing it with that of others, and extolling my skill. This exerted a hurtful influence on my youthful mind and deluded me into thinking that I knew more than my master. Consequently I was not always ready to follow his instructions as my circumstances and duty demanded, and he had to reprimand me frequently so that I had to be ashamed. I found myself in a quite different position during the years of my apprenticeship than formerly. Quite different from the many diversions to which I was exposed at home, I now spent most of my time alone in the workshop, so that my mind took on a more quiet and thoughtful turn. This caused me to meditate on subjects which led to brooding and gave me many a dark hour. I heard many things in the meetings and read others in the Holy Scriptures, concerning which I would have liked more clearness, but I was too bashful to reveal my trouble or to ask the necessary questions in regard to it. Consequently, I was often filled with doubt and unbelief which caused me great fear. At the same time I was astonished to find anything like this lurking in my heart. Formerly I could believe anything with a child-like faith, no matter what was told me concerning the Saviour and what was heard in the meetings. Now, however, my heart was full of questions. I consequently asked myself: "Can you prove all these things which you consider to be God's truth? If not, then your whole hope rests on human ideas." Without properly recognizing at that time the fiery darts of Satan and realizing what his purpose was, I permitted myself to deal in sophistry. But I was always driven from the field and had to learn that no amount of reasoning was sufficient to drive doubt and unbelief from the heart; that it sooner made it worse.

In this school I learned the truth that faith in the Saviour and in His divine Work is a gift of grace and that, in one's own strength, no one can believe in Him or come to Him. Meanwhile I did not remain unattacked in other ways, and I constantly besought the Saviour to cleanse my heart from all iniquity and to give me the assurance of the forgiveness of sins, which I had often read about in the lives of other children of God. Since the prayer, to my mind, remained unanswered, and this gave me much sorrow, I revealed my trouble to my pastor, who very lovingly comforted me and helped me. He assured me that in no wise did the fault lie with the Saviour that my prayer was not answered, nor with His willingness to give me the assurance that it was heard, but that my distrustful and doubting heart was the reason that I could not be comforted. This also became clear to me in the future, and I rejoiced over the knowledge in the presence of my Saviour. Meanwhile, however, I still remained in a distressed state of heart over my condition, because I usually reverted to myself and my sinful misery, and there I stopped. Instead of bringing the matter, in a childlike manner, to the Saviour, and acknowledging Him as my Physician and Helper, I sought to help myself on false grounds. This

spoiled for me many an otherwise happy hour and made it impossible for me to rejoice in the salvation of Christ. It also gave me a troubled conscience which was still under the law. (I had not as yet learned that the Saviour cannot help until we have come to the end of our self-help and give Him alone the glory.)

In my childhood I had made a small beginning with learning music, which gave me great pleasure. But I did not continue with it at that time, because the matter was left in my hands. Since I had to take pains, I soon lost all inclination for it. Now, however, I found great encouragement in the Brethren's House to take up music, and consequently I spent most of my spare time in studying it under the leadership of my choir-leader, Bro. J. F. Frueauff. This pleasantly engaged my thoughts and preserved me from many distractions.

In the year 1795, August 29, I was admitted into the Single Brethren's choir, whereby I gained more freedom. I could now choose my own companions and go my own ways. More than ever before, I now needed the inner guidance of the Spirit of God to keep me from wrong paths and from the broad way of liberty which opened before me, and upon which I saw many walk. It pleased me very much that such did not desire me in their company, because I was too conscientious to suit them. They knew well enough that I could not fall in with their way of looking at matters and indulge in the things which gave them pleasure. This caused me to seek the companionship of the steadier and more sensible brethren, which brought me much edification and blessing for my heart. The opposite choice would have led to unrest and unhappiness.

In May, 1797, when I was twenty years old, my master declared me free, since he had had another apprentice for some time. Consequently I spent the summer until fall in another workshop, where I found work and good wages. At that time a proposition was made me to begin a cabinet shop in the Brethren's House at Nazareth. For this reason I went there before the end of the year. At the beginning of the new year and throughout the winter, I was busy helping with the inside carpenter work of a new store-building which was put up at that time. After carefully counting the cost, nothing came of the plan to have a cabinet shop in the Brethren's House, and I had no objections to offer. At this time there was a vacancy in the teaching-force at Nazareth Hall and the position was offered to me. I accepted, though with much hesitancy, because of the consciousness of my imperfections, yet in obedience and reliance on the help of the Lord. During the beginning of March I moved into the third room to dear, worthy old Bro. David Moritz Michael, and I had the pain, during the first week, of witnessing the death of a boy from this room. I found myself in an entirely new sphere. In the beginning, I had no intention of giving myself permanently to this service, but intended later on to return to my trade. It was not long, however, before I came to the decision to yield myself entirely to the guidance of the Saviour. Since I had but a common-school education, I fully realized that I would find it necessary to employ all my

time to attain the necessary qualifications for my work. Outside of my school hours, my chief effort was the study of the sciences and the practice of music. I resolved to learn as much as possible, for which reason I laid the nights under contribution, and barely took sufficient exercise for my health.

Once in a while, when I did not make the desired progress in spite of all my efforts, discouragement seized me. This was largely due to my self-love and ambition. The desire for higher learning and knowledge tortured me so much that I envied others who had been able to spend their earlier years in acquiring them, or in gaining an education. By means of diligent efforts, I succeeded in making considerable progress in the study of the most necessary common-school branches and in gradually becoming more efficient as a teacher. Many of my good friends, including the Inspector, Bro. Carl Gotthold Reichel, advised me, for my own good, to seek the society of others more frequently, because in this way I would hear all sorts of subjects discussed and criticized, and I would gain more useful knowledge than if I would confine myself too much to books. This I found true and my disposition became more cheerful and companionable.

The reading of various writings of Count Zinzendorf, at that time, led me to a careful examination of the inclinations and impulses which stirred within me, and I learned that in spite of all my efforts to live according to the holy law of God and to fulfill the spiritual meaning thereof, I still lacked strength, and the truth of the words of the Apostle Paul: "To be carnally minded is enmity toward God," became painfully clear to me. I was tortured by feelings of unworthiness, and became more and more conscious of my deep depravity of body and soul. I learned that all thoughts of the human heart were sinful before God. Since I could not rid myself of self-love, thirst for honor and self-interest in spite of all my efforts, I therefore felt a more or less condemning or guilty conscience before God. But the Holy Spirit, who had brought me into this state in which I felt the depth of my sinfulness, did not allow me to sink into utter despair. He gave me, from time to time, the comfort of Jesus' suffering and dying, which source of strength I now began to treasure greatly, and He brought to my mind repeatedly the verse, which says: "If I weep for salvation in His loving presence, it is already proof that He stands before me." It became ever more clear that it was my highest duty to consecrate my life to Him who gave Himself for me; that it was impossible for me to find, in the things of this world, any rest for my poor, languishing soul, and that he who gained the greatest number of earthly possessions must reap the greatest disappointment in the end. I, therefore, abandoned all great plans and ambitious thoughts and became content with such things as I had. My short-comings and mistakes made me rejoice more than ever in God my Saviour. The longer I was at it, the more devoted I became to teaching. My teaching days were the pleasantest of my life.

Gladly would I have spent a much longer time in this work had it been the will of God to use me further in this service. But He had decided on

another field for me, of which I had thought but little thus far. At the same time, I had not been without premonitions before the communication of Bro. David Zeisberger came from the Muskingum, saying that a door had opened to enter the land of the Delaware Indians, who at present lived on an arm of the Wabash, called the White River, and that a number of brethren were needed for this service, who knew how to help themselves and how to get there alone. In the beginning of September, 1800, I received the call, therefore, as a single brother, to accompany Bro. and Sr. J. P. Kluge to the Indian country, after first spending the winter on the Muskingum and then from there continue the journey, in company with some Indian families, by water or land, to the land of the Indians.

This call cut deep, because I had only spent two and a half years in my very agreeable calling as a teacher, which was very pleasant indeed to me, so that, when I consulted with flesh and blood, I lacked joy in accepting the appointment. At the same time, after many a hard struggle and sleepless night, I could not put the matter aside. I finally decided to take this important matter to the Lord in prayer and to beseech Him to give me joy either one way or the other, as I would be ready to follow His signal, if He really had called me to this service, unfitted though I felt myself to be for it. When I arose from prayer, I took up the hymn book in front of me and found, in answer to my petition, a verse which peculiarly filled my need. This verse which was so suitable to my condition and so comforting, I took as a signal from the Lord's hand, showing that He desired me to enter the service which He had pointed out to me. After that I was satisfied. This became the root of my life-long destiny and never after amid heavy trials, did I have any regrets, for I was always sure that the Lord had determined my lot for me, and that it was for me to endure it and to regard it as a favor to be considered worthy of it.

Bro. Gottlob Reichel, the minister at Nazareth and the Inspector of the Boys' School, took great interest in the spread of the gospel among the heathen, and rejoiced that in a short time four brethren had gone forth from the Hall as missionaries among the North American tribes. For this reason, he presented me with a copy of Loskiel's Mission History of the North American Indians, which I now read with great interest and in this way passed the remaining time pleasantly. During the latter part of September, I closed my labors at Nazareth Hall and made my way to Bethlehem, where Bro. J. P. Kluge and I were in a solemn manner ordained and consecrated as deacons of the Brethren's Church, October 15, by Bishop Koehler, of Salem, who was at Bethlehem at the time, being on his way to Europe. I was still more strengthened, and deeply resolved: "What soul and body can accomplish, I will do with all my heart, to His honor and praise."

After the necessary preparations for the journey had been made and we had been commended to the gracious protection of the Lord, in the congregational meeting of the evening before, we left, October 19, on our journey from Bethlehem to Lititz, travelling in a baggage-wagon. The weather was very unpleasant. At Lititz, we remained a number of days in

the midst of the dear congregation and enjoyed much love, whereupon we proceeded on our journey by way of Mannheim, Harrisburg, Carlisle, and Shippensburg, where we reached the Blue Mountains, the way leading over large rocks and rough roads. In company with other freight-wagons, we at last reached the other side of the Allegheny Mountains, which proved still more rocky and steep. A very durable wagon was needed to stand the hard knocks. In company with the other teams, everything passed off pleasantly until the night we reached Pittsburg, where we struck a very bad hotel. We did not find out how bad, however, until it was too late. Because the landlord himself was a worldly man and a free-lance, and welcomed bad company, the Pittsburg teamsters made his hotel a loafing-place. After we had retired for the night, the uproar in front of the house began. There were drunken yells, cursing and fighting, and finally the tumult was transferred to the inside of the hotel, where the smashing of tables and chairs and threats to set fire to the building ensued. Finally they began to dance, the landlord whistling for it and leading the dancing. The chief offender was, to our great amazement, a teamster who had travelled with us for four or five days and, in our company, acted in a very retiring and quiet manner. Here, however, he had met with a man against whom he had a grudge and had challenged him to fight. He became so unruly and terrible, and raged about with such blood-curdling oaths that it seemed as if he was possessed with evil spirits. If the night had not been so dark, we would have left with our team. The most astonishing thing of all was to see this man, who had disturbed us all night with his terrible cursing, and who had behaved as if he was wild, seat himself at the table with us, in the morning, the same quiet and retiring person he was the day before, just as if he knew nothing whatever of what had happened, and as before, he silently travelled with us for the rest of the way to Pittsburg.

From the last place, we drove for forty miles down along the Ohio River to Georgetown, where we had to leave a part of our baggage or chests, because the road from here to the Muskingum had been but recently cut open, and besides was very hilly and but little travelled. (At this time there were as yet no white people in this region.) After we had lodged in the woods for three nights, we reached the Oneleg Creek, by the Indians called Gutgatsink, about twenty-one miles from the Muskingum. Here, to our great joy, we met Indians from Goshen on the Muskingum, with a letter from the Brethren Zeisberger and Mortimer. The Indians had been sent to meet us, but at the same time they had been here for bear-hunting. This company consisted of the old Indian Chief Gelelemend, or as afterwards called, William Henry Kilbuck, and his three sons, John, Charles and Gottlieb, who all welcomed us. Their friendly faces, in their hunter's lodge, constructed of tree branches and covered with bark, was a welcome sight to us, and aroused in me a great affection for them. I felt at once that I could be at home among these people, all the more because they made us feel their brotherly love and showed us every imaginable courtesy. When we were about ten miles from the Muskingum River,

having reached Stillwater Creek or Gegelemakpechink, we left our freight-wagon and sent it to Gnadenhuetten, while we followed on horses after the Indian Chief, William Henry Kilbuck, who, as our guide, rode on a horse ahead of us. He led us to Goshen, often through brushes and brambles, and we had to be on our guard not to be caught by them, because he rode so fast. After some hours of riding, we arrived safe and sound at Goshen, November 19, to our and to our white and Indian brethren's joy, and with a deep feeling of gratitude to our dear Lord for His gracious protection and safe guidance on our four weeks' journey. We were affectionately welcomed by the dear Brethren D. Zeisberger and Mortimer and the small Indian Congregation, consisting of about fifty souls.

We were quartered in a small log-house about ten feet square, but as the sleeping-room was not large enough, I found my lodging for the night with Bro. and Sr. Zeisberger, whose house, like that of Bro. and Sr. Mortimer, was about fifteen feet square. The chimney or fire-place was constructed of laths and clay, by means of which the whole room or house, which had no partitions, could be heated. The settlement was laid out but two years previously, therefore the furnishings of the house were of the scantiest. Bedsteads and chairs there were none. What there was of furniture had been made from rough boards with the aid of augur and broad-axe. The bed was made of boards and the table and seats consisted of trestles, or logs with holes bored into them and wooden legs inserted. While eating, the last named were indeed precious pieces of furniture in this home. The fire-wood, of which there was a great deal in the neighborhood, had to be chopped into blocks and split and then brought on a wheelbarrow or sled to the house, since there was no other means at hand of carrying it. The Indian women brought their fire-wood on their backs, to which they tied it with straps, or on their heads, or even had it hang down from their foreheads, which in the beginning not only seemed pitiful to me, but it astonished me to notice what heavy loads they carried in this manner.

As far as the mode of life of the Indian brethren is concerned, on the whole, one was reminded of the primitive condition of men, when art and science were still hidden in the background and only necessity received the preference, and one knew nothing of luxury and conveniences. The Indian mode of living is very simple. The possessions of a well-to-do family—and many do not have that much—consist of a number of horses and perhaps an equal number of cows, a number of pigs, and a number of dogs, which serve them while hunting. Their farming is for the most part limited to two or three acres of corn for each family. At that time, the land was usually worked with the hoe. The work of the field, together with the harvesting of the corn, the crushing of it in a mortar and the baking of it into bread, and the bringing of the fire-wood is regarded as woman's work, with which young men, who regard themselves as hunters, will not readily have anything to do. Their houses usually consist of small log-huts, about 14-15 feet square, with a chimney from the rafters up, and below an open fire-place, so that their beds may be brought on

both sides of it and all in the house may have free access to it. Their beds are covered with deer or bear-skins and with a number of woollen blankets, which also serve as clothing, the former serving them during the day, as seats, and at night as their bed. The household utensils consist of a number of copper or brass kettles, iron pans, wooden bowls, tin-pails and dippers. For eating they usually employ a knife only, their fingers serving them as forks. Their food is very simple and generally consists of corn-bread, corn or bean-soup boiled with or without meat. For corn-soup, the corn is first crushed into small pieces. As a general thing they eat but two regular meals a day. At the same time, if they have it, the kettle of soup hangs over the fire all day long, from which any visitor who is hungry, as well as the children of the family may help themselves at will. At this time, hunting was still very good in that region, since this neighborhood had only been opened up a few years before and inhabited by white people; also because it had been abandoned by the Indian Nations sixteen or eighteen years ago, so that the wild game, especially bear, was very plentiful in the mountainous region between the Muskingum and Ohio Rivers, and by our Indian brethren hunted with success.

There was therefore no lack of meat among them at that time. On the other hand, bread was scarce, because bread-flour and even corn had to be brought from the Ohio River, from sixty to seventy miles away. I soon became convinced that it was not comforts which one enjoyed that gave one a quiet and contented heart, for in spite of wants with which these people were surrounded, one found no anxious care nor heard sullen complaints among them. They seemed to be content with what they had and were patient in their bearing. The meetings were usually well attended and the Word of God listened to with attention, in spite of the fact that progress in obedience to the Word was slow, as well as in the putting aside of many heathen customs and especially of the vice of drinking, so common among them. All this called for much patience and forbearance among them. Because there was thus far no printed literature in the Delaware language, with the exception of a spelling-book, I busied myself as much as possible with copying Bro. D. Zeisberger's Delaware translations of a collection of hymns and liturgies, besides the Delaware grammar which was at hand, and, in addition, sought to learn as much as possible of the language. I soon learned, however, that it would require much labor and study, besides verbal intercourse, before I could master the language, because the dialects and the construction of the language were so different from other tongues. Very agreeable and interesting it was to me to make the acquaintance of the old, venerable Missionary, David Zeisberger, who was then in his eightieth year; to enjoy intercourse with him and to hear him relate his many experiences among the Indians and the remarkable assistance of God in connection with them.

Simplicity of heart, childlikeness and trust in the Lord under all circumstances, besides patient perseverance, was what sustained him by the grace of God. Self-interest, and anything that had nothing to do with the honor of God and the spread of His kingdom, went against him and he would

not listen to such things. The opportunity which at this time offered itself to take the gospel to the Indian country and to the many Indians baptized in former times, who since the dispersion of the Indian congregation, in the year 1782, were living among the heathen, or to individual Indians who had not found their way back again into the Indian congregation, but who were now to be hunted up again and given a chance to return,—this was a theme which inflamed his heart hungering for souls, as often as it was talked about. In spite of his great age, he would have gladly gone to the Indian country himself, and he would have overcome the difficulties connected with the undertaking with a joyful heart and trust in the Lord, if circumstances had allowed him to go.

Although the invitation, extended to the Indian congregation at Goshen, to come and live among their country-men on the White River, opened the door to take the gospel into the Indian country, there was still lack of positive evidence that the Indian brethren would be permitted to bring their teachers with them. Bro. D. Zeisberger, therefore, sent two young Indian brethren, namely, Charles Henry Kilbuck and Jacob Pemcholin, with a message to the Delaware Chiefs on the White River. They left for their destination after the Epiphany festival on January 6, 1801, and returned during the middle of February after having traversed a distance of six hundred miles on foot. They reported that the Goshen Indians would be welcome to bring their teachers along, and that a separate place, lying between the Indian towns, would be given for the new settlement. They further reported that the White River Indians would come and meet them with horses, after they had reached the end of their water-journey down the Ohio River. After this report had been delivered, canoes were built, and a very large one for the missionaries, so that we could put all our chests and boxes into it. Two Indians went along to paddle our canoe. Four Indian families with four canoes, all together thirteen persons, accompanied us.

After we were quite ready for the journey and we had taken a hearty farewell from our dear white and brown brethren at Goshen, we set out, on high waters, and floated down the Muskingum River. In this way we proceeded rapidly and after a night spent with our brethren at Gnadenhuetten, reached the Ohio River a number of days later. The weather was still cold. The swollen waters of the Ohio helped us forward rapidly, although, after the manner of Indian travel, it was often quite late in the day before we could proceed with our journey. We also had to stop frequently to shoot game, as there were still long stretches of woods on both sides of the river. At Cincinnati, which was still in its infancy and consisted of about six stores and several hotels, and had no court-house as yet, we met a good friend by the name of Major Ziegler, who at that time and later rendered us many services. He formerly served in the American Revolution under General Wayne, but he had built a store and was now in business. He offered to look after our letters and money matters and to furnish us with other necessary articles.

From here we journeyed twenty-five miles farther, until we reached the mouth of the Big Miami River, which we went up for seven miles until we reached the mouth of White Water Creek, and thence up that stream for about eighteen miles until we came to the second arm thereof, where our water-journey ended. Here we landed, April 15, unloaded our things and erected a camp in the neighborhood of the frontier-line of the Indian country, about eighty miles from the Indian villages on the White River, where we wanted to go. Since we could no longer use our canoes, we left them with a number of white people who had recently settled in this wild region, and who had helped us up the White Water stream. Before we took leave of the inhabitants of this neighborhood, who had settled about eight miles up this little stream, we purchased several milch-cows and also provided ourselves with some flour and corn for the journey, through the woods, which now lay before us. From here, too, we sent a messenger to the White River to announce to the Delaware Chiefs that we had now reached the landing place in our travels and awaited their promised help. The messenger came back, however, with the unpleasant tidings that the Indian Chiefs had gone to Post Vincennes to a council with Governor Harrison, and the hunters had not yet returned with their horses from the winter's hunt, though the latter were expected soon. There was therefore no help to be expected at an early time from that quarter, and now the school of patience began, for thus far everything had gone quite easily by water, since we could get along nicely with our boxes and baggage in the canoe. In the evening, we would draw near land, tie our canoe, and then erect our tent on the banks for the night. In the morning we would enter the canoe again and proceed on our journey.

Now, however, we saw no way of forwarding all our things and chattels without pack-horses. How gladly we would have unburdened ourselves somewhat, if we could only have done so without loss! So as not to remain at our landing-place, our Indian brethren offered to take the lightest of our things, five miles farther, on their backs and there erect a tent. Nevertheless, one could easily see that this could not continue any length of time, in spite of their great willingness. With the help of a horse found in the woods, which had been brought in by one of the hunters, all of our things were in this way conveyed five miles farther, in three days, but the courage of the Indian brethren began to sink when they saw that their strength was not equal to the task, and that the provisions would not last at that rate.

After we had spent many days under these conditions, and had at last moved forward ten miles, quite unexpectedly an Indian came to us with a number of horses. He was the brother of our Indian Sister Mary, Jacob Pemcholid's wife, who was our traveling companion. This gave us hope that we would after all be helped in some things, but when it came to the point, he declared that he would allow Sr. Kluge a horse on which to ride, but otherwise he would only help his sister and her husband, for which purpose he had come. Meanwhile, five more miles were covered in this

way, so that we had proceeded fifteen miles in all but had consumed two weeks and a half, without any prospects that we would receive help from the Indian Chiefs. Since our provisions were rapidly disappearing, for though we had no lack of wild game and meat, it was feared that there would be a corn and bread famine before we would reach the end of our journey, we resolved to try and secure horses from traders. Just as we were about to move forward another five miles, I was asked to make my way, in company with a savage Indian by the name of Wangomind, who had joined our party, to the Indian village of Woapicamikunk or the so-called White Grave, and procure pack-horses from the Indian traders.

Lightly clad and with a blanket, in which I had wrapped my provisions, fastened by a strap to my shoulders and hanging down my back, with rapid strides, I followed my guide with his gun on his shoulder and tomahawk and knife at his side and a piece of dried deer meat hanging over his shoulder. He looked very friendly and took pains to please me, and prided himself not a little that I reposed such great confidence in him as to trust myself to his guidance. Since he believed me to be in a great hurry to arrive at my destination, without stopping once, he ran over the trail, through water standing in dells, which were all full on account of the excessive rains, up to the knees. At first, I picked my way over old logs or fallen trees so as to keep dry, but having lost sight of my guide a number of times, and having to strain myself very much to catch up with him again, I learned by experience not to spare either myself or my clothing, and followed him right through the water everywhere, and saw that in this way I could keep up with him. This pleased him greatly, feeling that I had already learned this much from him. Since I could not speak with him, and he desired to make a halt, he pointed with his finger to the sun to announce to me that it was dinner-time. He cut off several pieces of his dried venison, and in a very friendly manner offered me one of them, which I did not refuse, and handed him in return, a piece of my bread, which he took with loud approval. After we had smoked a pipe together, we proceeded on our journey. Along the trail at various intervals, we found hunters' huts made from the bark of trees, which served the hunter with shelter, but which were now forsaken. In one of them we found quarters for the night and dried our clothing. Next day toward evening, we reached the first Indian village, after having covered a distance of 60-65 miles. Here we met a trader by the name of John Connor, whose father formerly belonged to the Indian congregation on the Muskingum. Willing as he seemed to be to help us in our trouble, it was very discouraging to have come all this long way in vain, because he told me that all his pack-horses, laden with furs, had been sent to Fort Wayne several days previous, and that he knew of no horses to be had from the Indians, since they were still off on their hunting-grounds. But he said he would do what he could for us. As he was at the point of going out, a respected Indian, with his family, and a number of horses, arrived, and, upon being asked where he was going, he said that he was about to meet

his father-in-law, Jacob Pemcholid, since he had heard that the travellers had need of horses. Mr. Connor thought, and I, too, was of the opinion, that we might be helped, and accordingly began my return journey at once, in company with the Indian and his horses.

On the second day after we left Woapicamikunk we reached the rest of the party. But, to our no little terror and sorrow, we met here a company of Delaware Indians, who were on their way home from the settlement of the white people, where they had exchanged their skins and furs for whisky, which they had loaded, in small barrels, on their horses and were now in the act of bringing to the Indian village to sell. The liquor traffic is lucrative among them because the Indian will give the last of his possessions for whisky. We soon saw a sorrowful scene that we could not escape. Not only the heathen Indians with us, but, with the exception of several, our own as well, seated themselves around the whisky and a two-day's carousal ensued, in connection with which the air resounded with terrible yelling, by day and by night. We kept ourselves out of the way of it by hiding a short distance away. How sad and discouraging this occurrence was for us, especially here in the woods among these people, one may readily imagine! And it was but a foretaste of the state of the people to whom we had come to preach the gospel. The Lord, however, who had called us to this undertaking, sustained our courage and strength of body and soul, and enabled us to continue our journey trustfully. After everybody had become sober again, the packing up was begun.

But we soon learned that in our expectation of help we had deceived ourselves, because this Indian said what the other had told us before him, namely, that he had no pack-horse for us, that he had come with the sole intention of assisting his father-in-law, Jacob Pemcholid. Nevertheless, we secured a horse from each of them. Upon these we could forward the lightest of our baggage, while the rest, still about five horse loads, had to be left behind under guard of an Indian family. Thus, on May 2, after having spent nearly five weeks in the woods, we brought our two cows and the lightest things at last to the first Indian village, Woapicamikunk. We had consumed all our provisions with the exception of one loaf of bread. This Bro. and Sr. Kluge shared with me, when I returned from here, with five pack-horses and one of our Indians, to get our things which were left behind, about fifty miles away. Bro. and Sr. Kluge, together with the Indians who had preceded us, made their way down the White River from Woapicamikunk to a green spot on the river, twenty miles away, and within three miles of Anderson Town. This was the place which had been designated for our settlement. In about six or seven days I arrived there too, very tired and half-starved, and found them under the shelter of bark-covered huts. We rejoiced together that we had at last reached the end of our journey of weeks, and thanked our dear Lord, who had brought us safely thus far and had kept us well and happy in spite of the many difficulties connected with our journey. On the right bank of the river, on an elevation surrounded by dense woods, we erected our dwelling. We lacked nothing more, at this time, than a number of good axe-men to help us

make a clearing and to build houses or good log-huts. But it was the beginning of June and consequently late for planting as it was, therefore the first thing to be done was to get some corn and garden vegetables into the ground. To this end the plains, which lay opposite our place and which had rich soil and were overgrown with high grass, served a good purpose. We mowed down the grass and got into the ground with the hoe and planted the necessary field and garden vegetables. There were no fences, but these were not so necessary, in the beginning, while the Indian brethren had no cattle.

Among the Indian brethren who had come with us from Goshen and who desired to build here, there were but two who could handle the axe well. These two were therefore useful to us in building, first of all, a summer hut, and in covering it over with the bark of trees, as well as later, during the summer months, in felling trees and getting them in shape for a winter house for us. These were our interpreter Joshua and a helper by the name of John Thomas. Articles of food were very expensive and rare, because flour had to be brought through the woods, on the horses of the traders, from the nearest settlement of the white people, which was eighty miles away from the Miami River and White Water stream, so that flour sold to us cost six dollars a hundred. During the first summer, corn was sold for two dollars a bushel among the Indians and even at that price could scarcely be had. The latter article, however, has to be reckoned according to the Indian value of silver buckles, so that the sum is not equivalent to that amount in money.

At the same time, we seldom lacked meat, which does not keep long in summer and consequently could be bought from the Indians for a small sum. They went after deer for their skins and frequently left a part of the meat lying in the woods. This was not the case, however, with bears' meat, which was more scarce and had greater value among them. Therefore, we and our Indian brethren lived on that which the gracious Providence of our dear Heavenly Father provided for us, and although we had no great abundance, we had to answer: "Lord, never!" to the question: "Did ye ever lack anything?" Naturally we had to deny ourselves many things, under the circumstances, which one could enjoy in other places. In the beginning, our meetings here, as well as on our journey, had to be kept under the open sky. Some oak trees which stood in front of our huts, served a good purpose in this connection. These afforded beautiful shade, in which we used benches made of split wood. In the beginning, these services were attended by painted savages from the Indian village named Anderson Town, which lay down stream and whose Chief called himself Anderson or Kiktuchwenind. He was a half-breed who belonged to a certain family by that name, at the ferry at Harrisburg. He was not inclined, however, to Christianity, but sought to make his people averse to it.

Our old Indian Brother Joshua was our interpreter. In his youth he learned the German language at Bethlehem, and could read the German

Bible with ease. In the years of his childhood, he also played the organ a little. Because he could also write well, we had opportunity to learn a good deal of the Delaware language from him. He and his invalid son were the first of our people who helped us erect a little log-hut, fourteen feet square, which served also, in the beginning, as a meeting-place.

The building of our house, which was to be 16 feet square and made of prepared lumber, progressed slowly and with difficulty, partly because we had to struggle against attacks of fever during the summer, and partly because we lacked the necessary help, the Indian brethren having enough work of their own. Nevertheless, we got so far that, by the beginning of November, we could move into our winter quarters. We lacked a great many necessities in general and money in particular. The nearest post-office was at Cincinnati, which lay a hundred and twenty-five miles south-east of us. I made a journey there in November. I went on foot to the upper Indian village, Woapicamikunk, where I hired a horse and rode through the woods for three days, to the border inhabitants on the Big Miami, arriving first at Fort Hamilton and then at Cincinnati, which at that time was still an insignificant place. In the latter town I met Major Ziegler, whose acquaintance we had made before. He supplied me with the necessary things. My horse was well-loaded and I had to make my way home through the woods, on foot, from Fort Hamilton. In like manner, I had to make this journey every year, from two to three times, as long as we stayed on the White River, and, with several exceptions, I travelled alone on horseback through the woods. On these occasions I not only enjoyed the protection of the Lord by day and by night, so that I never suffered any injury to amount to anything, either at the hands of men or beasts, but I became strongly and comfortably conscious of His loving presence, in my loneliness. During the inclement seasons of the year I generally carried a small tent with me and put it up in front of some fallen tree. During the night I kept a large fire going and lay on a blanket spread on the ground, my saddle serving me as a pillow.

My horse usually gave me the greatest care, because I had to allow him sufficient freedom during the night to seek his nourishment in the neighborhood. For this reason, I was in danger of losing both myself and horse in the woods. As I was all alone, this might have happened very easily. Good people often advised me not to travel alone through the woods without a weapon, as it was known why I made the journey and since I had money on my person on my return trip, because there was no lack of bad people on the frontier who might make use of such an opportunity to maltreat me or to rob me. I always answered, however: "Thus far the Lord has preserved me from all danger, and I will trust Him further, for if He will withdraw His protection, then surely no weapon can save me." Although I was not very much afraid of wolves, because one seldom heard in this community that they attacked men, nevertheless I was often disturbed by their terrible howling during the night, and, as they do not readily come near a fire, I kept up a good one.

The fact that we lived a great distance from white people made it very troublesome or inconvenient for us in many respects. At the same time, conditions were more favorable on this account because the destructive liquor traffic was carried on to too great an extent, as it was. If the hurtful beverage was not brought in by the traders, it was not too far for the Indians, when about to celebrate certain heathen festivals, to go four or five days' journey to the Ohio River and bring from five to six horse loads, after which the whole Indian village concerned would be plunged into the most pitiful and terrible state, since nearly all the inhabitants of both sexes, children and minors not excepted, gave themselves over to drink, and people from other Indian towns came on horseback to assist in the wickedness, which seldom passed off without wounds and bumps, yes, and seldom without homicide and murder.

The first summer we were visited by some of the older Chiefs, namely, Pakantschihilas and Tetepachsit. The first was an old warrior of renown but a hardened pagan and an enemy of the conversion of his people to Christianity. The latter was the first and oldest Chief of his Nation. In the year 1802, he visited with some of his people in the city of Washington, as well as at Lititz, where the brethren showed him many honors. When they visited us, they told us that they had given their people liberty to visit us and to hear the gospel or Word of God, and that they would admonish them not to do us any hurt, and not to come through our settlement when drunk. But soon after, we heard that they worked hard against having their people come to us and becoming obedient to the Christian teaching, because they believed that they would thereby lose their own dignity and power. They also expressed their displeasure that only some of the Indian families from the Muskingum had come, since all had been invited by them.

Besides the Chiefs mentioned, of whom the first had his seat in Woapicamikunk, where about forty Indian families lived, and the latter, with about eight families, in Monsy Town, four miles down stream, there were two other Chiefs named Hackinkpomska and Kiktuchwenind, who were our nearest neighbors. The former lived with his people eight miles up stream, and the latter three miles down stream from us in Anderson Town, with about fifteen or sixteen Delaware families. Below them were some small Indian villages of which the last was called Sarah Town, because Isaac and Sarah, two baptized Indians, had settled there with their sons, who had become heathen. The parents were dead, and the sons would not leave their heathenism and come to us and accept the Word of God, since they were highly respected among the heathen.

In every Indian town there was a so-called long-house, about forty feet in length and twenty feet wide, in which the savages held their sacrifices and dances. It also served as a Council House. These houses were built of split logs set together between dug-in posts, and were provided with a roof, consisting of tree-bark or clapboards, resting on strong pillars dug into the earth. The entrance was at both gable-ends and there was neither floor nor ceiling. Near both ends and in the middle, there were three fires

over which hung large kettles in which corn and meat were boiled for the guests and always kept in readiness for them to eat, when finished with the dance. In the roof there were openings over every fire, so that the smoke could escape. Along the inside of the house there were seats or elevations from the ground about a foot high and five feet wide. These were first covered with the bark of trees and then with long grass. On them the guests sat, or if they felt like it, lay down and smoked their pipes, while the others were engaged in dancing.

The dances of the Indians are generally held in honor of their protecting deities, concerning whom they declared that they once upon a time appeared unto them in a dream, in one or another form, for example, in that of a large bird; that they talked with them, told them their future fate for better or for worse; that they either would have great Chiefs or Warriors who would do great deeds, great witch-doctors who would deal in supernatural things, or that they would possess great riches and many relatives, or the contrary. If the latter was the case, however, they did not sing their dreams but sadly related them. Those who had the former dreams, on such occasions step forward, holding the shell of a land-turtle containing a number of beans or kernels of corn. Then the one who is to lead the dance, in honor of the protecting deity, advances. After he has rattled the turtle-shell with his hand amid many grimaces, he stops, and, speaking in a loud tone of voice, he relates, by fits and starts, the contents of his dream, or the manner in which his god appeared and what he told him. When he is finished with it, he turns about and faces those who want to join him in the dance. These are arranged in a row and equipped with bells fastened to their legs and arms. The bells consist of deer-hoofs and all sorts of silver trinkets in the shape of crescents, scrapers and bracelets. These are so fastened to the body that a jarring sound is produced at every step taken. Two Indians, sitting at the side, beat the time with sticks, on a dried deer-skin made for the occasion, while the whole crowd moves forward with short, regular steps, which all take at the same time at certain abrupt intervals. Meanwhile the leader relates his dream in lines, which are repeated during the dance and drum-beating. The leader cuts many capers and jumps up and down. This is all in harmony with the time, and brings to light the skill of the dance. In this manner, the whole mass, the men first and the women following them, moves around in the house until they come again to the place from which they started, whereupon all gather around the post or pillar standing in the middle and upon which the roof rests. Upon both sides of this pillar are cut men's faces, provided with hair and painted, making a hideous appearance. In conclusion, all stretch out their hands toward the totem, and with a terribly shrill yell the dance comes to an end, whereupon all take their places again. After a short pause, another steps forward, when the same performance is repeated. These dances are held only at night and are often continued for weeks at a time. At the conclusion a sacrificial feast is held, for which the deer and bear-meat is provided by all joining in a common hunt, the women furnishing a store of corn-bread. All is prepared, in common, in

the house of sacrifice, and there partaken of amid certain ceremonies. For example, the bread is arbitrarily thrown among the guests, and each one catches as much as he can. In conclusion, two beautiful tanned deer-skins are turned over to two old men appointed beforehand, who hold them toward sunrise, in front of the house of sacrifice, and spread them out, while murmuring something. In this way, they imagine they are praying to their god. They thank him for long life and health. For this service the old men afterwards receive the skins as their property. Before I could understand the language very well, I had the opportunity of attending such a dance for half of a night, and that at Woapicamikunk. There were present a large number of Indians, besides Chiefs.

John Connor, the trader mentioned above, who had a Delaware Indian for a wife and with whom I stayed over night, invited me to the dance and introduced me. He himself appeared to be very much taken with it. He said that the Indians in this way sought to serve their god, and that he had learned to know many of them whose dreams had been fulfilled; in fact, their dreams, with few exceptions, generally came true. He himself danced with them and had not gotten much farther in knowledge than the heathen. On such occasions, the Chiefs addressed their people, both the men and women, and, although they themselves did not abstain, strictly prohibited the use of strong drink, fornication, adultery, stealing, lying, cheating, murder, and urged hospitality, love, unity, as things well-pleasing to God, which is proof that even the heathen is not without knowledge of good and evil and therefore has a conscience which accuses or excuses him, and which will also judge him. It was customary among them on these occasions to erect tents around the outside of the Council House. After the ceremonies were over, they went, in companies, from one tent to the other to visit and to greet one another with a mutual handshake. In connection with this, they assumed a solemn mien and used courtly language according to the age or circumstances of the family addressed. All this makes a good outward show to one who does not know them or their circumstances. But, after one has made a closer acquaintance with them, one learns, unfortunately, how they distrust one another, even their nearest relatives, because of poisoning, witchcraft and the black art, so that really not one confides in another. When one of their relatives dies, whether old or young, it is not at all unusual for one or the other of the relatives, or even some one else, to be suspected of having brought about the death either by poisoning or witchcraft. The fellowship of love is therefore unknown among them, and on such occasions they merely make a pretense, because they are really afraid of one another. One sees from this how far imagination, stimulated by fear, causes such people, who are still in the grip of superstition, to go. Because their hearts are evil they cannot think well of one another.

Their useless worship of God is based on sensual enjoyment and preferences and applies itself to the desire of long life, wealth, honor and good fortune, and not infrequently supernatural powers and communion with the protecting deities, who are to grant them respect and dignity. Such

as pretend to have this privilege generally succeed in gaining certain advantages over others, but at the same time, they also run the great risk of being looked upon as evil persons, who put others out of the way by means of this art and supernatural power. Of such things the minds of the Indians of both sexes are full and so deeply rooted are they that even those who have accepted Christianity and believe that through Jesus' death they are delivered from the power of sin and of Satan, still insist that such evil powers exist among the heathen, and that they can kill each other by means of secret poison and the black art, and therefore easily give room to suspicion that such things do happen.

Special grace is therefore needed for such as have been converted from heathenism to Christianity, especially under certain circumstances as, for example, sickness, that they may be kept from seeking help from the sorcerers who claim that, by means of their art, they can cure or drive out disease, and rather resolve to die in faith in the Saviour and to inherit eternal life than by means of an evil power to become physically well and then be eternally lost.

If one tells the heathen of the world's Saviour or Son of God, that He became man to deliver us from the power of sin and of Satan, that He was by wicked men nailed to the cross and put to death and again arose from the dead and ascended into Heaven, they usually turn off the matter by saying that they had no part in the death of the Son of God, since it did not happen in their country nor at the hands of their Nation. On the other hand, they relate that God, their Protector, had also appeared unto them from Heaven once upon a time, and that in winter, in the midst of a snow-storm, and that He had large snow-shoes on His feet; that He had stayed with them for a long time and prescribed to them their mode of life and sacrificial feasts, which they had followed strictly ever since. They had not dealt so wickedly with their God, but had reverently dismissed Him again, and therefore did not have to reproach themselves on account of it like the white people, who said of themselves that they had crucified the Son of God.

Others declared that God had indeed given the Bible or written book to the white people who could read it, but to the Indians or children of the forest He had given the hunting-grounds, sacrificial feasts, and had shown them another mode of life; the former could therefore seek to live up to what God had commanded them, while they felt it their duty to hold fast to that which He had appointed for them. Others again are of the opinion, which is not generally held among them, however, that the Indians did not come from the same source as the white people, but had been created separately, for which reason they were not allowed to adopt the customs of the white people and to regulate themselves according to their religion. Such declare that because of the acceptance of the white man's religion on the part of some, their gods had become angry and sought their destruction; that their deities wanted to take away from them their land and all customs and liberties, including the use of whisky, which was the discovery of the whites, as well as their silver and their gold, and the practice of

usury among them, all of which they regarded as an evil in the world, and as originally unknown among their race, and something that had been brought upon them by the white people.

Others who were unfriendly to the preaching of the gospel were not ashamed to declare that we came among them for political reasons; that our object was to preach to them in order that they might be made tame and afterwards delivered over to the white people, as was the case in the war on the Muskingum. All this proved to us clearly that, while we stayed among these people, we had to battle against the prince of darkness, into whose realm we had come, and that we could not expect that he, without great opposition, would allow himself to be so readily robbed of his booty, since the Indians were willing, with lies and false reasoning, however absurd, to harden themselves against the truth and the light which was to lighten the way out of their prison, and not to accept it because they loved their darkness more.

Now I want to continue with the history of our sojourn among these people. The first years two baptized persons came to us who had lived for eighteen years among the heathen and had become old, their children having grown up in heathenism. Their names were Christina and Louisa. The latter was re-admitted to the Holy Communion. But since their children had no desire to follow them, and they could not support themselves, without their help, in our Indian congregation, which was weak and needy itself, they soon moved back again to their children. Our stay, however, made an impression on a number of sick persons who had themselves brought to the settlement. They forsook heathenism, were baptized, and later died and were buried in our village. During the five years of our work on the White River, only two persons, who were in health, were baptized, namely, a Pottawatemi and a Monsy woman. Undoubtedly we would have had more increase in population if our numbers had been large, and we had not been quite so afraid of false growth, which surely would have brought us a great deal of trouble. A woman, who belonged to us, allowed herself to be persuaded by her heathen relatives to resort to sorcery in the hope of being made well. Instead of recovering she died, whereupon we refused permission to have her buried on our graveyard according to the heathen custom, which incurred the enmity of her relatives. This occurrence and the fact that Indians came from their carousals in the neighboring Indian village and took the liberty, if it so pleased them, of shooting our best swine and taking them away, against which we could not defend ourselves, were unpleasant experiences. We therefore made a move in the spring of 1806 to find out whether it would not be possible to settle at another place in the neighborhood, where we would be farther away from the Indians. At the time mentioned, namely, at the beginning of March, in company with our old interpreter, Bro. Joshua, I made a tour of inspection to the Mississiniway stream, which is an arm of the Wabash.

Our way there took us through Woapicamikunk, where we found the Delaware and Monsy Nations in the midst of their annual sacrificial festival and dance, but this time, not, as is usually the case, in honor of

their gods, but chiefly for the purpose of discovering all those guilty of using poison, witch-doctors, and witches in their nation, and then putting them to death, because they declared that these evil-doers were the cause that so many of the people died and reached no great age. The young men, therefore, banded together and took the rule into their own hands. In a council held by themselves in the woods, they declared their resolution to destroy all poisoners and sorcerers among them, so that not so many of their people would die and they themselves would become older. It was therefore resolved that every one of their people suspected of being guilty of these evils should be brought before their grandfather—that is, fire—and if he would surrender his poison and give up his bad art, he should be pardoned. But, if he should refuse, he should be killed with the tomahawk and have his body thrown into the fire.

On the same day that this decision was reached in the upper Indian town Woopicamikunk, which was twenty miles from our place, the Indian Bro. Joshua and I arrived there, in the evening, on our way to the Mississiniway stream, where we wanted to see if we could find our future place of residence. We camped with an Indian family, which had its tent not far from other Indians, who had come from the Indian towns, and had erected their tents near the house of sacrifice. We soon heard with astonishment of the new developments and saw that there was a great commotion among the savages. The fixed stares and earnest faces, especially of the older people of both sexes showed it, because there was no telling how the matter would end. Next morning we resumed our journey and examined the place to which we went, remained there over night, and then began our homeward journey, but without coming too near to the meeting-place of the Indians, which we tried to pass unnoticed. We remained over night in Monsy Town, and came home safely in the afternoon of the fourth day.

We were hardly at home, however, for more than an hour, when seven young Indians, with faces painted black, made their appearance and immediately made known their errand, namely, that they had been ordered to bring Joshua before the council, because their old Chief Tetepachsit, who had been accused of being a poison-master, had declared that he had concealed his poison in Joshua's house during his stay there last winter, and that he had therefore to defend himself against the charge. All of us were very much frightened over this report, but never dreamed that any harm would come to him, when he should prove his innocence in the matter. After he had enjoyed a meal and had taken leave of us, without further ceremony, he accompanied them. Under the circumstances, he seemed quite calm and comforted. Perhaps he had no idea of his fate, because he was not conscious of any crime of that sort. But the wicked, lying spirit and murderer had him now in his power and he sought to take his revenge, though this was at the time unknown to Joshua and to us.

When Joshua had arrived before the council in the upper town and had given answer to the accusation, he was declared innocent of the charge. But when he wanted to return home, he was detained under the pretext that another hearing awaited him and all who were accused, as they were

expecting the well-known Schawano prophet (Tecumseh's brother), before whom all were to be examined, whether guilty or not, for a Monsy woman who had had an extraordinary vision and had swallowed three times, a light that had appeared to her, and who for that reason had thus far acted as judge, did not want to keep the office any longer, because it was too hard for her, being after all a woman. Joshua could not do otherwise very well than to undergo another examination in order that he might free himself from suspicion. But when he was brought before the Schawano prophet, this fellow said, no doubt having been previously instructed, that Joshua had no poison, but that he possessed the spirit of sorcery, with which he could kill people, if he wanted to surrender them to his guardian deity as a meal. This was sufficient to expose him to the suspicion and hatred of the superstitious people, among whom Satan had his special instruments, to carry out his wicked designs.

Joshua was now led to a large fire and there surrounded. They insisted that he should confess how many people he had already put to death in the way mentioned above. But since he protested that he was innocent in the matter and had never caused the death of any one, and indeed could not in the manner he was accused of, it so happenend, having been agreed upon previously no doubt, that one in the circle went to the fire with his tomahawk-pipe, as if he wanted to light it for smoking, having filled it with tobacco. But when he had come back from the fire, he struck, from behind, the tomahawk-hatchet into Joshua's head. This action was repeated by the others, whereupon amid heathenish yells, they threw his body into the fire and burned it in barbaric fashion.

This was the sad end of our poor Indian Bro. Joshua. Of course he had a great many faults, but surely he was quite innocent of the charge, and became a victim of superstitious cruelty. Unfortunately, he had not always conducted himself as a model among the heathen. He was never quite free from superstition, and, in an hour of weakness, he boasted of a dream which he had had in his childhood. This boast he made while under the influence of whisky to which the heathen had tempted him. On that occasion, he told the Indians that if, after the heathen manner, he wanted to make use of the dream of his youth, he could also do evil, for in his vision a bird had appeared unto him and said: "I am a man-eater, and if you wish to feed me, you need but point out to me some one, and then I will put him out of the way." Thus it was that the Great Enemy was permitted to wreak vengeance on him and to become his accuser and murderer, so that the mission work might be brought to an end here.

Joshua had made many heart-experiences and had great reverence for the gospel and the Holy Scriptures, which he could read and understand well in the German language. He also possessed the ability to express himself intelligently in German, since he had learned to speak it in his youth in the children's institution at Bethlehem, and was afterwards employed as an interpreter. Still, he had never quite renounced connection with heathen sins and superstitions, so that his life unto the end consisted of falling and rising. At the same time, the Spirit of God labored with his

heart, so that after he had fallen, he humbled himself as a great sinner and with tears of repentance begged for pardon. We did not doubt that the Saviour, in spite of this hard fate, had graciously received unto Himself his poor soul and counted it among the number who are made righteous through His blood. It is true, he did not die as a martyr, for the sake of God's Word, but still a great deal of jealousy, on the part of the enemy, may have fastened itself upon him, because of his service to the gospel as interpreter, as he frequently, with a warm heart, gave witness to the great sinner-love of God in Christ Jesus, to those who attended the meetings and visited him.

On the same day that Joshua was murdered at Woapicamikunk or the upper Indian village, without our knowing anything about it, the old Chief Tetepachsit was brought to our place by six or seven black-painted savages and, without the least hesitation, they took a fire-brand out of one of the Indian brethren's house and hastened to a certain tree in the neighborhood, where the old Chief was said to have declared that he had concealed his poison. When they came there, they could not find any poison, which was also the case at other places to which they had gone previously. In spite of the declaration of his innocence and of his telling them of the great punishment to which they would expose themselves by putting him to death, since he had no poison, he was knocked down with a tomahawk, wielded by his grown-up son, in the same manner as related above, and then, after they had taken off his wampum-belt and other articles, his body was thrown into the fire.

When these murderers returned to our place, some of those whom we knew came into our house, without our knowing what had happened. They, however, boasted of their terrible deed, and the son wore his father's belt and showed the articles which he had taken away from him, and said: "This comes from him who cast off my mother and his oldest children and took unto himself a young wife." We now feared for the fate of Joshua and we put in a few good words for him. One of them whom we knew well, said, however: "We would not like to take him under our protection, because he is a wicked person and possesses supernatural powers with which he can destroy people, and he has undoubtedly taken a great many lives already." But they left us under the impression that he was still alive.

Next day I started out for Woapicamikunk with the hope of after all doing something for our Joshua, of standing by him under the trying circumstances, and even if I could do nothing else for him, at least of admonishing and comforting him. But after I had proceeded ten miles or half way, I met the Indian Chief Anderson or Kiktuchwenind, who with several others had come from there. From them I learned that Joshua had been put to death in the manner related above, and at the same time at Woapicamikunk that old Chief Tedpachsit met his fate near our place. I could not conceal my grief over poor Joshua's death and told the Chief that he had been innocent. But, with solemn mien, he told me that Joshua had received his just reward, as would the other wicked people among

them, who, with poison and supernatural powers, put others out of the way. When I wanted to reproach him that the Indians put their own people to death in this manner, he said: "You white people also try your criminals, and when they are found guilty, you hang them or kill them, and we do the same among ourselves." Another of our Chiefs, Hokink-pomska by name, was likewise condemned for having poison and was even then under arrest, though it was not yet decided how he should fare.

What terrible pain this occurrence gave us may readily be imagined! We did not know what to say or think of it. The continuance or destiny of our mission and our staying here longer, looked very dark to us, especially so, since we had heard that the Indians threatened to drive us away, or at least would advise us to leave the place before evil should befall us. Not to be frightened away by all sorts of evil reports, we resolved to inquire for ourselves from the Council at Woapicamikunk, so that we might learn the truth. For that reason I went there and asked the Council, which was still in session, to let us know without reserve, what it thought in regard to our longer stay here. This body declared that what we had heard had not come from them, but might have been said by some of their young people. Under the circumstances, they really could not tell us anything, because they had never called white teachers, but only their Indian relatives from the Muskingum, but of that number the families White Eyes and Kilbuck, whom they had especially invited, had not come, only a few others. We were therefore free and could do as we wished, either go or stay; that they had no intention of hurting us. After this declaration, they directed me to their arrested Chief Hackinkpomska, who in spite of the fact that he was at the time accused of being a poison-master and was to have his hearing and was under guard, had not laid aside his office. He agreed with the Council in saying, that formerly they did not know how to serve God, but recently He had raised up people from their own number, who spoke to them through sacrifices, and told them that in this way they might free themselves from all evil; they therefore did not need the help of white teachers any longer, as they formerly believed was necessary. Hereupon I made my way home again and we decided to remain here quietly, for the time being, and await the answer of our dear brethren at Bethlehem.

All this happened in spring, in the month of March, 1806, after we had labored for almost five years without prospects of doing anything toward the conversion of the souls of these people. Though we fully expected to be called away, we considered it best to continue with our usual work, plant our corn and garden and look after our other duties, so as to be prepared, if the opposite should be the case. As it was, we could not expect an answer before the month of August, on account of our mail regulations and the distance of one hundred and thirty miles from the nearest post-office. Meanwhile, we were greatly annoyed by the constant carousals going on in the next Indian village, three miles down the river. Some of these drunken savages finally moved to our village, which they made their drinking-place.

Under the circumstances, if we wanted to get out of the way of the disorder, there remained nothing for us to do but to lock our houses and flee to the woods and stay in our sugar-camp until the drinking was over. On one such occasion I was the last to leave the place, having spent some time in locking up, and consequently did not get away as soon as Bro. and Sr. Kluge and the children, and an Indian family that lived with us. When I was in the act of leaving, I had the unpleasant experience of being attacked by a drunken Indian, who caught sight of me. With violent words he called after me that I should wait until he had caught up with me. This done, he told me with great fierceness, after having rushed upon me, that I had to return with him and give him something to eat. I told him that everything had been locked up and that there was nothing to eat on hand, save a little sour milk in the shed. This seemed to satisfy him, but I had to go with him and hand it over to him. After he had drunk a little of it, he told me that I had to go with him to their drinking-place and drink whisky, which I refused to do.

Finally he informed me that if I would not accompany him voluntarily and do as he demanded, he would compel me to go, whereupon he grabbed me and became violently angry, when I tried to tear myself away from him. After we had struggled a while and he found that he could not overpower me, he became still angrier, picked up a hatchet which lay near us, and held it over my head, and told me that if I would not walk in front of him, he would knock my brains out with it. I realized my danger and considered it the part of wisdom to accompany him. I told him that he should lead the way and I would follow him. Thereupon he said that I was his prisoner and had to walk in front of him, which I did. He therefore walked back of me, swinging the hatchet and howling and yelling that he had taken a white prisoner. An Indian woman had seen us from a distance and hurried to us and tried to wrench the hatchet out of his hand, but he gripped it all the harder, swung it about and cried that I was his prisoner. In this way we reached the drinking-place, where from seven to eight of his Delaware companions were assembled around a barrel of whisky. Among these was a certain Thomas White Eyes. My captor called out loudly again: "Here I bring a white prisoner." The former looked at him sternly and said: "This is my friend, and if you hurt him in the least, you and I will have trouble." He then told me that I should take a seat. He took the hatchet away from my persecutor and handed it to me. Turning to the Indian, he said: "We like to drink whisky, but he does not, and I will not permit you to force my friend to do what goes against him." Thereupon he told me that I could now return home in peace.

Filled with gratitude to our dear Lord that He had provided me with a guardian angel to deliver me out of the hands of this wicked man, I made the most of the opportunity to get away, and went to a slight elevation in the woods, from where, unobserved, I watched the drinking for a while, and listened to the fierce yells which rent the air. The poor horses which they had brought or had caught in the neighborhood were raced up and

down amid fearful yells and had to suffer a great deal from their cruelty. On such occasions it is customary for two to sit on one horse and then ride him at full speed, and not infrequently one or the other is hurt badly or even loses his life. It is a sad sight to watch these people in their madness, maltreating themselves and their beasts, in their drunkenness. One is reminded of the condition concerning which Paul wrote: "The creature is subject to vanity against its will."

I then made my way to our sugar-hut which was nearby in the woods, where I met Bro. and Sr. Kluge with their children, and the Indian family living with us, and I told them what had happened and how things were in our village. After we had remained in hiding until evening and learned that our place was once more empty, we came out of our holes and went home. To our astonishment, we found everything undisturbed in and around our houses, which proved to us that the drunken Indians had entertained no evil intentions in regard to us, but merely desired to indulge their wickedness in our settlement and to frighten us a little, since only a few Indian families lived with us at the time. From such visits from the nearby Indian village, we had to suffer frequently while drinking was going on. At such times half-naked, drunken Indians would ride into our village at top-speed and fill the air with wild yells and demand something to eat, for they became quite famished from their carousing. It was safest for us to get out of the way and lock our houses or place something in front of the door to show that the inhabitants were not at home, since an Indian, in that case, will not easily take the liberty of entering, so as not to expose himself to the suspicion of wanting to steal, which among them is very much looked down upon and regarded as something despicable.

The beginning of August I went to Cincinnati to get our mail from the post-office at that place. This time we expected to find an answer in regard to our future work, which we received, too, in a letter from Bro. Loskiel of Bethlehem, from which we learned that our post had been given up and that we might go to the locality which we had in mind. Thereupon preparations for leaving were made and we soon found an opportunity to exchange our corn-field, a number of hay-stacks, together with our small stock of cattle and some household goods, to a French trader, for four pack-horses, which, together with the three horses we had already, enabled us to undertake the journey through the woods to Fort Hamilton or the settlement of the whites on the Big Miami River. But when it became known that we were intending to leave, Chief Anderson, from the neighboring Indian village, and a number of his people visited us and told us that they came to inform us, that after the custom of the white people, the one who lived on the land of another had to pay rent; that we had now lived five years on their land and had never yet given them as much as a hog or an ox, with which they could have a good time, he had therefore come to tell us, in the name of the Chiefs and members of the Council, that they claimed a certain amount of our cattle, namely, a young ox, three hogs, and a table which had been made from wood which had grown on their land; that without this tribute, they would not dismiss us peace-

fully. We were therefore compelled, so as not to get into trouble with them, to turn over what they demanded, and to reimburse the trader in cash for the deduction.

Sorrowfully we left the place, where we had passed through so many trials, but where we had apparently accomplished little for the good of the kingdom of God. We left two baptized adults behind us, namely, a Monsy woman who lived with her old Cherokee Indian, and a Putawattomi woman, who had a Frenchman for a husband. Both had been baptized by us and appeared sad to have us leave them. Trusting in the help of the Lord Who had so graciously stood by us thus far, and had not allowed us to succumb to our trouble, with seven horses, of which four were laden with our baggage and on three of which we missionaries sat, each holding a child of Bro. and Sr. Kluge, the biggest of them being five years old, we began our journey through the woods, on September 16. We soon learned that we could make our three or four days' journey through the woods alone, but that we would be compelled to hire a man to take charge of the pack-horses. After having traversed eight miles, we came across a Frenchman named Bruje, who had an Indian wife, in an Indian village, and who was willing to accompany us, for a dollar a day, as far as to the border of the white people, a distance of seventy miles, where we struck the large road which leads eastward through the State of Ohio. Here we had to remain a while, in order that I might go to Cincinnati, which we had left about thirty-five miles to the south of us, to furnish ourselves with the money needed for our journey.

After my return, we exchanged one of our best horses for a wagon and hitched to it our horses and followed our road eastward over New Lebanon, New Lancaster, and Zanesville on the Muskingum River. When we were in the region of our brethren in Gnadenhuetten, our way leading us about thirty miles south of there, we embraced the good opportunity to send two of our horses, which we could spare, to Bro. Heckewelder to have sold for the benefit of the Missionary Society. Thereupon we came to Wheeling, where we had ourselves ferried across the Ohio River, thence drove through Somerset, Bedford, Strasburg, Shippensburg, thence over the mountains to Harrisburg, and finally arrived safe and sound, in the midst of our dear brethren at Lititz, on the 5th of November. Here we enjoyed sincere love and heartfelt interest. Strengthened in body and spirit, on the 10th, we continued our journey to Bethlehem, where we arrived safely, on November 12, and were warmly welcomed. Our hearts were filled with praise and gratitude toward God, who had, after six years' absence, kept His gracious hand of protection over us, amid our many trials in the Indian country as well as on our journey, and had permitted us to return in safety to the place whence we started out.

In looking back over the five years and a half mentioned above, I cannot help remembering the many heart experiences through which I passed. During that time the Spirit of God showed me indescribably much patience and faithfulness, and faithfully, though chastisingly as well, interested Himself in my poor soul, which often found itself in a desert and tor-

mented and frightened by Satan with many doubts, though not to the point of rejecting Christ. I was always brought to the right path of salvation in Christ again. In my loneliness I was not only denied the beautiful services and blessed meetings which I had enjoyed in the lap of the congregation, but I was surrounded by dark heathenism and the idolatry, superstition and vices connected with it. It depended now on how strong my faith in the Saviour of the world, Whom I was to preach to the heathen, would prove itself to be. Under these circumstances I not only had to feel my weakness but also my unbelief and doubt, and I was greatly perplexed over my condition during the first years, which made me cry unto the Lord. I was frightened over the doubts within me, whether the Holy Scriptures were divine, and sought to fight these questions with the aid of reason, thinking in this way to rid myself of them. Hard as I tried to lock myself in this stronghold and to keep the field, I frequently became painfully conscious that I still did not possess the right weapons with which to defeat the Enemy. For that reason, I not only failed to gain any advantage over him, but plunged myself into still greater darkness. At last, the Spirit of God succeeded in getting me to take a look into my wicked heart, to learn the source of all my doubts, and to show that there was nothing at the bottom of them but pride, self-confidence and lack of humility. With deep shame and penitence in my soul, that I should have doubted the truths of God, I prayed to the Saviour for the forgiveness of the sins which had so grieved His Spirit, and for having stood in my own way for so long. I became more and more convinced of the hatefulness and enormity of the sin of unbelief. I realized how foolish it was not to want to believe anything, except that which poor man can apprehend and understand, and in this way trying to make himself equal to God. If, therefore, I was tempted to doubt in the future, I knew at once whence my doubts came and would not allow myself to debate or to dispute or to engage in examination, but rather regarded them as the arrows of the Devil, whose object it is to make man doubt God and all His truths and promises. In this way, I took my refuge with the Saviour and got rid of my doubting.

Although I was at peace at far as the divine truths were concerned, I found difficulty at times in making them my own as I wished. I also doubted whether I was really in a state of grace, since I could not find within me the marks of a child of God, according to my own preconceived ideas. In this perplexity I again threw myself at the feet of the Saviour and begged Him to give me the assurance that I was a child of God and that my salvation was a fact, otherwise I could not be at rest, on account of my feeling of poverty. Before I arose from prayer, I was comforted in a special way by that verse occurring to me: "I am thine, because Thou hast given Thy life and shed Thy blood for me. Thou art mine because I lay hold of Thee, and will not let Thee, O my Light, out of my heart." This was so vividly and convincingly spoken to my heart that I could not but believe, in a childlike manner, that I was His dearly purchased possession, and that nothing more was required of me than in faith to keep

myself near Him, and allow Him and His good Spirit to guide and direct me.

Another time, when I entertained doubts in regard to the atonement and was in a cloud of legality, concerning the judgment of God and the lost and sinful condition of fallen mankind and the state of my own depraved heart, under which feeling I was uncomforted, my anxious and sorrowful soul found relief, on Easter morning (1803), while meditating on the History of the Resurrection and the words of the Apostle Paul when he wrote to the Romans: "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ Jesus that died, yea rather, that was raised from the dead, who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." Thereby I was enlightened and quickened as never before and I was so pleased and happy that I wished I could tell all people how easy it was to become a child of God, since the just died for the unjust and all depended on our acceptance of it by faith. From that time my desire was, more and more, to enjoy the merits of the Saviour in my own heart, and to proclaim them to the heathen in their lost condition, and not to dwell so much on my and their great, sinful misery, which could only result in leaving one comfortless, but the rather to rejoice that the Prince of this world is judged, and that the Saviour has robbed death of its power and brought life and immortality to light.

After my return from the White River in November, 1806, I sojourned in the Brethren's House at Bethlehem, for several months, and busied myself with the copying of the Delaware translation of the Harmony of the four Gospels. In the beginning of February, 1807, I received a temporary position in Nazareth Hall, where, in pleasant and intimate intercourse with the teachers, I spent seven months. Strengthened in body and spirit, I began my journey, in accordance with my appointment, in August of that year, travelling by stage, over Philadelphia and Pittsburg to Gnadenhuetten on the Muskingum, where I took charge, for a while, of the store business for Bro. D. Peter, who had gone to Bethlehem to be married. After his return, before winter set in, I went to Goshen to Bro. and Sr. Zeisberger and Bro. and Sr. Mortimer and there entered once more upon mission service. During the winter I was busy teaching school and learning the Delaware language, for which the opportunity afforded itself.

The feeling of my weakness and shortcomings, when I realized what I could and should be to the Saviour, discouraged me for a while and drove me to prayer to Him, in answer to which I experienced His powerful encouragement, so that I learned to place my confidence more on the help of the Saviour and the all-powerful strength of His good Spirit. This kept me humble, in that I felt all bodily and spiritual gifts to serve Him come down from above, from the Father of lights, and that before Him no man could boast, and that everything was a pure gift of grace for which He would hold us accountable. Though I realized that I would always remain a debtor to Him at the judgment, I regarded my poverty of spirit as the seal of my being a child of God, for in this way He could reveal Himself

to my heart, and quiet, comfort, and meet me as a friend, at His own pleasure.

Through my intercourse with the old experienced Missionary, D. Zeisberger, who was now in his eighty-sixth year, I had further opportunity to learn from his verbal accounts many things that were of great assistance to me in my future service, in connection with my having charge of the Indian congregation. He was in the habit of saying: "If one wants to catch birds, one must not throw sticks at them." After very pleasantly spending the winter of 1808 in this place, I was asked, the beginning of April, to make a journey, in company with a number of Indian brethren, to Petquotting on Lake Erie, where Bro. and Sr. Denke and the single brother, J. Haven, had been assigned to serve the Indian congregation. At the time, they were having all sorts of unpleasant experiences, due partly to conditions in the Indian congregation, and partly to the difficulties which arose in connection with the land upon which the mission was situated. The land had been transferred by the Wyandottes to the United States, and later given by the Government, as indemnity for a loss by fire, to a company in Connecticut. The owners of the land now made their appearance and took possession of it and in consequence the Indian Congregation could no longer remain.

From here the Helpers' Conference at Bethlehem asked me, in company with the single brother J. Haven and a number of Indian brethren, to make a journey, either by land or water, to Kikeyunk or Fort Wayne in order to find a suitable location for an Indian congregation. Since this desire could not be fulfilled in spring, the journey was postponed until the following August. In the interim, I went to Goshen on the Muskingum again, and then, at the appointed time, made my appearance at Petquotting. Accompanied by the single brother J. Haven and a number of Indian brethren, I began the journey on horseback. We followed a trail which led us over the Upper and Lower Sandusky, through the Indian towns of the Wyandottes and Senecas, who originally lived on the Sandusky, and through the villages of the Schawanos, whose original seat was on the Big Miami and Anglaize River, and touched the upper part of St. Mary's River, which we followed to its mouth at Fort Wayne, where it joins the St. Joseph River, thus forming the Maumee River, which empties itself into Lake Erie. At Fort Wayne, we consulted with Captain William Wells, who commanded a small fort on the Indian Reservation. We then journeyed down the Maumee River, past Fort Defiance until we reached Fort Meigs (now Toledo), and from there made our way again to the Lower Sandusky and thence to Petquotting, after having made a circuit of 350-380 miles in eighteen days. Having been asked to bring the report to Bethlehem myself, I travelled on horseback through the woods from Petquotting to Goshen, a distance of eighty miles, a region which at that time had no white settlers. The beginning of October, I reached safely the Brethren Zeisberger and Mortimer on the Muskingum. After a short stay with them, I resumed my journey to Bethlehem in company with

Joseph Rice and his wife and his father. After spending six weeks at Bethlehem, Bro. Gotthard Cunow and I went to Washington, by way of Philadelphia and Baltimore, to secure the protection of the Government for the Mission of the Brethren among the Indians in the United States. To this end, Bro. Cunow handed to Jefferson, who was President at that time, an address and short mission reports, as well as some printed Delaware translations.

From Washington Bro. Cunow returned home again, and I traveled by stage to Pittsburg and Steubenville, and arrived safely at Goshen on the Muskingum, January 1, 1809. Here I was just in time to witness the baptism of an adult Indian who received the name of Clemens. To my great sorrow, I was not permitted to meet again with the dear old Bro. D. Zeisberger here on earth, he having peacefully fallen asleep toward the end of the previous year. All the more did it become my duty to assist, in both spiritual and temporal matters, Bro. and Sr. Mortimer, who were now alone in the work. The following spring, however, I received a call to Fairfield in Upper Canada, and in pursuance to this call, accompanied by an Indian, I went to Petquoting the beginning of April, and thence by water, in company with Bro. and Sr. Denke and two Indian families in two canoes, along the banks of Lake Erie to Detroit. From here we went along the banks of Lake St. Clair to the Thames River, then up that stream for forty miles until we reached Fairfield safely, May 14, and found ourselves in the presence of Bro. and Sr. Schnall and the single Brethren Michael Jung and J. Haven. Our water-journey took us about three weeks, since we were often compelled, on account of contrary winds, to remain at a stand-still near the shore. In this place I gained more proficiency in the Delaware language from my intercourse with the Indian brethren and sisters, as well as by teaching a goodly number of children. I also had to make my addresses in Delaware because there was no interpreter. After a short time, I could express myself satisfactorily without having to write my addresses. In this respect, Bro. Denke, who had previously made addresses in the Delaware language, was of assistance to me, because I could learn the expressions more readily from him than from an Indian.

During the following year (1810) I was asked to make a visit, in company with an Indian brother, to the Monsy and Delaware towns lying thirty miles up stream; also to the Indians of the said nation living a hundred miles farther away on the Grand River, on which occasion I had the opportunity of preaching to them the gospel in their own language. For the purpose of hearing the Word, they assembled in their houses of sacrifice. The journey was repeated later on to the Monsy town thirty miles from Fairfield. At that time I stayed with the well-known Indian sorcerer Onim, who is frequently mentioned in the Mission Reports. Although he was still a hardened heathen then, and strongly defended the heathen superstitions, one could see that he after all feared, as he put it, that the teaching of the white people was the divine truth, and his contentions were lies. Eventually he was converted and before his death

baptized by Bro. Denke, receiving the name Leonard. The hearts of the Delawares and Monsys in that region seemed for the time to be closed against the teaching of the Gospel, because they feared their Chiefs and relatives. Not until their neighbors, the Chippewas, accepted the Word of God, did they do likewise.

After I had been in the service at Fairfield for two years, I was asked, in the spring of 1811, in company with the single Bro. Joachim Hagen, who was in Bethlehem at the time, to make an attempt to gather the Christian Indians who were scattered from Petquoting to the Sandusky, and also to preach the gospel to the heathen who lived on the Upper and Lower Sandusky. At the beginning of May, accompanied by two Indian brethren, I left Fairfield by water, in a canoe, and reached Detroit on the 5th, where I made a formal call on Governor Hull, of Michigan, and acquainted him with our intention and the reason for our sojourn on the Sandusky River, and commended ourselves to the protection of the Government. At the mouth of the Detroit River, we stopped at the English fort in Malden, and acquainted Captain Elliot with our purpose. He had served for many years as Indian agent and had accumulated considerable possessions. He was the same man who, under command of the English and assisted by the Half-king of the Huron Indians, in the fall of the year 1781, brought the Indian congregation, by force, from the Muskingum River to the Upper Sandusky and greatly maltreated the missionaries. He was now an old man and sought to help the mission wherever he could.

From here we passed over to the American side, made our way along the shores of Lake Erie to the mouth of Sandusky Bay, and then up the same until we reached the Lower Sandusky, where the Monsys had settled, in three small villages, near the Wyandottes and Hurons, to whom the land really belonged. Here I met Bro. Hagen, who had come from Bethlehem by way of the Muskingum. He had arrived eight days earlier. After we had announced ourselves to the Indian Chiefs, we erected a summer hut for ourselves near some Monsy families, who had formerly belonged to the congregation at Petquoting and after its abandonment had moved here. From time to time, we visited not only the heathen families who lived in the villages, telling them about the kingdom of God, but also asked them to come and hear the Word of God, which we intended to preach every Sunday in their long houses or Council houses. With faces painted red and dressed in their heathen finery, they complied with this request a number of times, and attended the meeting. But when their curiosity was satisfied, we had to be content with small companies in a house, or even with one family, after we had received permission to keep a short service, which consisted of the singing of a Delaware hymn, a prayer and a short address. We sought to make these visits every Wednesday and Sunday, but soon learned that we were a burden to them, because they frequently got out of the way when they saw us come. Nevertheless, we succeeded in speaking with many, and that not without blessing, of faith in the world's Saviour, and of their need of a new heart, which would enable them to give up sin and all evil. Meanwhile, we lived here in the midst of the

savage heathen, and frequently had to listen to their night-long heathen dances held in the nearest villages, when the air was filled with their noise and the echo of one party was answered by another. Drunkenness was not unusual among them and ensued as often as the occasion arose to procure whisky, which had to be brought, from sixty to seventy miles, from the settlement of the white people, of whom the bad ones, as well as the Indians, were only too ready to carry on the hurtful traffic. To their credit it must be said, however, that at such times we were rarely disturbed by individuals, and if that did happen, they usually asked our forgiveness and attributed the evil deeds to whisky.

After we had become settled in the most primitive fashion and had started a small garden, we started out on a short visit to the Delaware Indian village called Green Town or Armstrong Town, lying forty miles south-east of us or half way to the Muskingum River, in the neighborhood where Mansfield now stands. Many of these heathen families had formerly heard the gospel, because they were related to the Christian Indians in Goshen and Petquoting and had frequently visited here. They had remained unfriendly to Christianity because of their love for their heathen customs. The amusements of the young men, among these people, consist of prize-fighting and gymnastic games, with which they pass nearly all their time when they are at home. Added to these are the nightly dances and copious whisky drinking, so that they have little inclination for anything else, and it is generally difficult to get their minds on divine or heavenly things. When we came to their village, they were busily engaged in playing their games. In the center of the village they have an open space for the purpose and upon this ground no grass can grow, because they tramp around on it daily.

They received us in a friendly manner and showed us into an Indian house, where we lodged with an Indian family that was acquainted with the Indian Brethren at Goshen. We remained a number of days, visited in many houses and held a number of services in the house in which we stayed. A considerable number of Indians of both sexes attended the meetings and listened attentively. From here we went to Goshen and Gnadenhuetten and renewed our strength in fellowship with the white and brown brethren. On our way home, we stopped again at the house of our host in the Indian village and tried to hold meetings, but these were not as well attended as the first. One could clearly see that the inhabitants did not want their Chiefs to suspect them of having anything to do with Christianity, for fear of being persecuted by those inclined to heathenism. Many of the latter class are so prejudiced against the white people that they hold in disdain everything that comes from them, and declare that the Indians had been forsaken by their gods, because they had adopted the customs and teachings of the white people. In this connection, however, it is wonderful that they except whisky, for that in no wise falls under their displeasure. We came across an example of such prejudice against Christianity in the following manner. On our return, in following the trail, we found in the woods a bark hut about half a mile from the Indian

village. In this hut we saw an elderly Indian, quite emaciated and pale, stretched on a bed a little above the ground. As it seemed, it was impossible for him to move a leg on account of rheumatism from which he had evidently suffered a long time. For superstitious reasons he had been separated from the rest of the men and brought here and left to his fate. He told us that he had been in this condition for six years, and had been reduced to this state by wicked men by means of their sorcery. With the assistance of his relatives, among whom the nearest one was Chief Anderson, he had given his all and had paid a great deal of money to the sorcerers, so that they would free him again, but thus far all efforts had been in vain. They had therefore brought him here, so that he might be all by himself, which, under the circumstances, would be most pleasant for him. In addition to these troubles, he told us, an unpleasant thing happened, namely, a cow grazing around the outside of his hut had dared to take away from him, the cloth which he had fastened about his head, and had chewed it up, because it was impossible for him to move.

After we had heard his complaint and had expressed our pity for his condition, I took the Word and sought to comfort him with the glad tidings of a Saviour Who had come into the world to deliver mankind from its sorrow and misery and to free it from the power of sin and the Devil, through His incarnation, life, suffering and death, and had, if men believed on Him, promised them Heaven and eternal salvation, in His divine Word. I begged him in his forlorn condition to yield himself, body and soul, to the Saviour, as His possession. Hereupon he remained silent for a while, then said: "The words which you told me are good and great words; they please me very much, but, for the time being, I cannot make use of them. I will, therefore, lay them carefully at my side and will try not to forget them. If I get so that I can safely use them in the future, I will bring them forth and apply them. I can do nothing without having to give an account of it. If the others learned that I had become a Christian or believer, they would forsake me entirely. I cannot quite give up the hope of getting well again, in which event I would rather remain as I am now and not expose myself to any contempt." With sorrowful hearts we had to leave him thus, a sad proof of how base the poor soul of man acts against its Saviour and Redeemer, even under the most hopeless and wretched circumstances, and rather holds fast to a straw than to the promises of God for eternal life.

After we had again reached the Sandusky, we began in earnest the building of a winter house, for which we ourselves felled the trees of light, round wood found in the forest. We had them dragged to the appointed place, whereupon we asked some heathen Indians to help us put the logs together, which they gladly did for something to eat, and finally, at the end of November, we could move into the house. Some time previous to that, however, Bro. Hagen was taken with a malignant fever, from the effects of which, after he had suffered two separate attacks, during which he was unconscious for thirty-six hours each time, he was left in an entirely paralyzed condition in the whole lower part of his body, so that for

three months he was unable to stand on his legs. This paralysis resulted from a wound, on the lower part of his body, which first had to be healed. This made our lot all the heavier during the winter, but the dear Lord did not allow us to die in our misery, but sent us help from a source whence we did not expect it, namely, through the old Indian helper, Bro. Stephen, who came over Lake Erie in a canoe from Fairfield to visit his relatives, and on account of the cold weather had been hindered on his return, so that he stayed with us during the winter and helped us faithfully. Throughout the winter we had sufficient to do with ourselves and found little opportunity for intercourse with the heathen, save when they visited us, which frequently happened, and gave us a chance to talk with them about their salvation, though this was not done very easily, unless food was provided for the hungry body of the visitor either before or afterwards.

By spring Bro. Hagen had recovered to such an extent that he could move about with the help of a cane. We therefore debated how we might fulfill our calling and proclaim the Word of God to the neighboring heathen. We decided to use our summer hut for Sunday services. To these meetings we gave invitations, but only a few Indians came, for their minds were filled with the thought of hunting, and furthermore a report had spread among them that war had broken out between the United States and England. This plunged them into great unrest. After they had held a daily council for a number of weeks in their long house, and had deliberated whether they should plant corn and await the scene of battle here, or leave and side with the English, they finally decided upon the latter course, whereupon the whole Monsy settlement broke up, during the month of May. In canoes prepared for the occasion, they crossed Lake Erie and went to Malden, where they joined the English. With the exception of the Wyandottes, who had their settlement three miles farther up stream, where a store and a school-house had been built for them on the reservation land which they had transferred to the United States, we were now quite forsaken.

Earnest preparations were now made for war. A small fort with soldiers was established here, on the reservation, at the United States' store, and we were advised to go there for safety. To this we gladly consented, because we were quite alone. We remained until fall at the fort on the reservation. From there, I made a visit, during the summer, to the Upper Sandusky, forty miles away, where was the original seat of the Wyandotte Indians, and while with them preached to them the Word of God in their Council House, in the Delaware language, which many of them understood, so that they could translate what was said into Wyandotte. I also visited the Seneca villages which lay half way between the Lower and Upper Sandusky and acquainted them with my purpose. Here I was lodged in their Council House and provided with a kettleful of boiled venison and corn, for which a wooden spoon, after the Indian custom, was placed in front of me. They brought me a number of deer-skins for my bed for the night. Next morning I was visited by two

Chiefs, of whom the one could talk some English. With very solemn faces, they sought to make it clear to me that my efforts to preach to them the Word of God could not be accepted, first, because they had decided to hold to the manners and customs of their forefathers and therefore had no desire to have anything to do with the teaching of the white people; secondly, they had no interpreter who would be able to translate the English or Delaware into their language.

Meanwhile, the unrest caused by the war became greater, but we believed ourselves safe where we were because Detroit was provided with a strong garrison under Governor Hull. This continued until the middle of October, when all of a sudden the most terrible report reached us, that the latter, after a feeble defence, had surrendered Detroit to England, and that, in consequence of this, the English soldiers might be expected in Sandusky the next day (the day after we had heard the report). This created the greatest consternation among the inhabitants of the fort, as well as among the Indians, and everybody, we included, made preparations to flee with the greatest possible haste. The Wyandottes in the Lower Sandusky fled to the Upper Sandusky, as did also the Senecas. They drove their cattle before them and everybody had to look out for himself. With the assistance of a man who had pack-horses, we had the good fortune of bringing away our best belongings, though we suffered the loss of a great many useful things which could not be packed. In company with three white families and their children, who had a wagon between them, we began our journey to the Upper Sandusky. Bro. Hagen rode on our horse. Thus far we had not seen anything of the enemy, but it was not long after, that they appeared in the Lower Sandusky, where the fort was attacked but not taken. A skirmishing-party of British Indians had ventured into the region and had murdered a number of white families near Mansfield.

In the course of a week we reached Muskingum or Goshen, having been detained on the way for a number of days, by fever. We were grateful and glad that the Lord's protection had been so graciously over us and had brought us into the midst of our dear brethren. Wherever we went on our journey, we met frontier settlers in the greatest alarm making preparations for flight. We saw their wagons, loaded with household effects, standing in front of the houses, ready to drive off at a moment's notice, should the signal be given. At Goshen there was also considerable unrest, but this was of a different character. This was due to the great suspicion which many of the white people in the neighborhood entertained against the Indian brethren. It was believed that they secretly sympathized with their relatives who had joined the English. This brought about unavoidable hatred against them and all eyes watched their every movement, so that, for a while, a guard, consisting of trustworthy persons, was kept in the village in order to allay suspicion and to get rid of the slander.

Bro. and Sr. Mortimer had received a call to New York and, accompanied by the single Bro. Hagen, they left for Bethlehem, November 12. I was therefore left in sole charge of the mission, confident that the Lord

would help me, and so passed the winter in peace in the midst of the little Indian congregation, until spring. On the third of April, toward evening, two men, namely, Philip Ignatius and a strange Indian from the English side, came here secretly with the intention, as the former afterwards declared, of bringing away his mother and sister to the English side. All the Indians were staying at their sugar camps, at the time, and I was all alone in the village. The prowlers therefore kept themselves concealed during the night, in the sugar-huts of their relatives, and were not discovered. But on their way here they had been seen at Mansfield, about forty miles from this place, and the white people followed them as far as New Philadelphia and there made it known. Thereupon an officer, with two parties on both sides of the river, hastened to the Goshen tract, in order to hunt the spies, as they called them, and to take them prisoners. My house was searched from top to bottom and all corners thereof. They strongly suspected that I knew of their presence and, in collusion with them, had concealed them with the Indian brethren. But since they were nowhere to be found, they hastened to the sugar-camps of the Indian brethren. I went with them, because I knew nothing of what had transpired and still hoped that it would prove to have been a false alarm on the part of the New Philadelphians, when to my horror, I learned that it was all too true. The Indians in question, when they heard that they were pursued, fled to a small island in the Muskingum River and hid themselves in the woods. When I arrived with the officer and his men, the island was surrounded by white people, and many of them held their guns in readiness to shoot in case the fugitives should show themselves and refuse immediately to give themselves up as prisoners. This led me to call to the fugitives to come out of the woods and surrender themselves voluntarily, and I begged the officers and his men to hold back so that there should be no bloodshed. A number jumped into the water where it was most shallow, while others were taken across in canoes, which some of our Indian brethren had dragged to the place.

At the demand of the officer, I accompanied him to the island that I might persuade the Indians to surrender themselves voluntarily and allow themselves to be bound. One of the men proposed that I should be arrested, too, because I was no better than the Indians who had concealed the arrival of these spies. But nobody listened to the hostile fellow, and they were satisfied to take a Goshen Indian named Isaac George, who had denied that strange Indians had come from the Sandusky. Him they bound and took, together with the two others, to the prison at New Philadelphia. This occurrence brought the Indian congregation the greatest trouble and sorrow. The mother and sister of Philip Ignatius and his daughter cried aloud for several days and nights and would not be comforted, because they expected nothing else than that their relative, as well as his companion, would be condemned to death, since both were regarded as spies and the former was strongly suspected of having had part in the murder of a number of families near Mansfield, the previous fall. Because of the many cruelties perpetrated by the British Indian warriors on

the American soldiers on the Miami River, the enmity of the white people in the neighborhood of Mansfield and New Philadelphia continually increased against the Indian brethren in Goshen. They were believed to be in danger because of these bitter feelings which many cherished against them, therefore good friends and well-wishers advised them to break up their settlement and to remove to another neighborhood, where they would be under the protection of the Government. Their answer, however, was: "God can protect us here, too, if it is His will; if not, we prefer to die on our own rather than on strange land."

After the prisoners had been kept in chains in the prison at New Philadelphia for four or five weeks, I informed Governor Meigs of it, whereupon he promised to stop off at New Philadelphia on his return from the army on the Miami River. Because it was suspected that he was inclined, on that occasion, to give the prisoners their freedom, a number of armed men from Mansfield and Wooster made their appearance at New Philadelphia and demanded violently that the prisoners should be turned over to them, and even made preparations to break into the prison. But the New Philadelphians did not want this disgrace to attach itself to them, so they made counter-preparations and prevented them from carrying out their cruel intentions.

When the angry men saw that they could not visit their wrath upon the prisoners, it occurred to them that they might take vengeance on the Indians of Goshen and threatened to march there with their weapons and storm the place. Neighbors who belonged to the Sharon congregation and had just come from New Philadelphia, told us of this at once. They offered to receive the Indian brethren into their houses and barns and to protect them against attack, in answer to which the latter immediately left Goshen. On the advice of several Sharon brethren who came to me late in the evening, I allowed myself to be persuaded by them to go with them and stay with them over night, since they were of the opinion that I would not escape without injury. The Lord, however, graciously protected us against the evil, in that the enemies were not permitted to carry out their evil designs. They changed their minds and returned home without seeking revenge.

After a six weeks' imprisonment of the Indians, Governor Meigs arrived at last at New Philadelphia and ordered that the prisoners should be shown lenience and that they should have their hearing at Chillicothe instead of at New Philadelphia. In accordance with this order, they were to be taken first to Zanesville. After some months, however, they received their freedom and Isaac George came back to us, while the other two entered the service of the American army.

Already in the spring of 1813, it was decided that I should have a helpmeet in the service of the little congregation at Goshen, but, because of the unrest at the time, it was impossible to make arrangements for leaving my post, so the matter had to be postponed until fall, when a party from Lititz was gotten together, under the leadership of Bro. Lanius, with the intention of coming west. Among the number was the one whom the

Lord had chosen to be my helpmeet, namely, the single sister Rosina Heckedorn, from the Lititz choir-house. Hard as it was for her to accept the call under these circumstances, she found no rest until she had followed it, in child-like manner, and consecrated herself unconditionally to His service, and made the experience that, in this way, one feels happiest, come what may. This party reached New Philadelphia, September 6, and arrived at Goshen on the 7th. Their arrival occasioned great joy, not only among the Indian brethren at Goshen but among the neighboring Sharon brethren, among whom were Bro. and Sr. Blickensderfer, Sr. and the family of A. Ricksecker, former residents of Lititz. These, together with the other white brethren from Sharon and Gnadenhuetten, increased, by their presence, the solemnity of the wedding, which took place on the 8th, in the presence of the Indian brethren and sisters, the minister at Gnadenhuetten, Bro. George Miller, performing the ceremony. At the conclusion of the service, the Holy Communion was celebrated, the Sharon brethren and sisters also participating with fervor. All of this made a deep impression upon our little Indian congregation. The distance from Goshen to Sharon was about two miles and that from the latter place to Gnadenhuetten, about six miles, where the Sharon brethren went to church, therefore it often became my pleasant duty, especially when the weather was unfavorable, to serve them with the Word and Sacrament, which brought about a loving fellowship between them and the Indian congregation, and served as a blessing to both.

At this time the fortunes of war turned to the borders of Upper Canada and the American troops drew near to the British on the Thames River, so that the terror of the white inhabitants in our community was over, and our little Indian congregation once more enjoyed rest and peace, and we with it. At the same time, they were now cut off entirely from their countrymen, who had left their former homes and for the most part had gone over to the British side. There was therefore no prospect that our congregation or place, which consisted of from six to seven families, would have any growth from without, accordingly, we had to be satisfied with what was here and serve the little Indian congregation with school, Word and Sacrament, as long as it would please the members to remain in this isolated place. On the other hand, influences were very hurtful here, on account of the ever-increasing temptation to drink whisky, because they could hardly leave their village without coming in contact with it. They realized more and more themselves that it was impossible for them to remain here very much longer, but it was hard for them to decide upon leaving their homes and move over on the English side, since the Kilbucks and White Eyes families were always Americans and their families stood and served on that side during the Revolutionary War.

Our lot during our seven years' sojourn at this place was very much lightened by the near and brotherly interest and support in every need and case of sickness, on the part of Bro. and Sr. Blickensderfer, Sr., and the many other brethren at Sharon. We could not thank the Saviour sufficiently for His gracious assistance under so many trying circumstances,

and often felt that we were not worthy of the kindnesses which they showed us for the sake of the cause of the Saviour. Here there were born to us three daughters, of which we had to give up the oldest, when she was nine weeks old, to the Church above, at which time the Saviour comforted us richly, so that I was enabled myself to deliver the funeral address, circumstances being such that nobody else could be secured to do it.

When Bro. J. Schnall passed away unexpectedly, September, 1819, at New Fairfield, we received the call in October to take his place. The journey thither had to be postponed, however, until the following spring, because of the illness of our youngest daughter, who was seven months old, and also on account of the lateness of the season to cross Lake Erie. Bro. Chr. Blickensderfer, Sr., had intended to accompany us to New Fairfield, but to our sorrow, our old greatly-beloved benefactor passed away before we left. Toward the end of May, 1820, we took leave of our dear little Indian congregation at Goshen, as well as of the dear neighboring white brethren and sisters at Sharon. Some of the former and a few of the latter, accompanied us on our way to Cleveland as far as our first night's lodging, one of their wagons bringing us to that place and another our baggage, since it is the nearest and best city to trade in, although ninety miles away. Since both of our children suffered from the whooping-cough, it was very hard for us to find lodging on the way. One night we would have been on the street, if a God-fearing woman had not taken pity on us and received us and our children and quartered us in her own room. Toward Cleveland we found the road, for twenty miles, almost unbroken and bad, so that the wagon went from one chuck-hole into the other. In addition to this, the many corduroy bridges helped to make it almost unendurable to remain in the wagon. It would have been nearly as easy to travel on foot.

We had to remain in Cleveland for almost a week on account of storms and contrary winds, until we came across a little schooner going to Detroit, which we boarded. We reached Detroit in thirty-six hours, after enjoying fairly favorable weather. Here we hired two men with an open boat, who brought us up the Detroit River into Lake St. Clair, where we were struck by a strong wind and heavy thunderstorm and we were unable to land. As the waves dashed into the boat, we were in great danger of sinking, for we could not know how soon a wave might fill our boat if the storm grew worse. We prayed to the Lord to deliver us out of this danger and how happy we were when our prayer was answered and we could finally enter the mouth of the Thames River, before it was quite dark. Here we found lodging in the small hut of a Frenchman, and we were able to dry our clothing and bedding.

Next morning we went four miles farther up stream and reached Mr. Isaac Dolson, at whose hands we received a friendly reception. Here we unloaded our things and discharged our boatmen. With these good people we remained two days until we had made arrangements to proceed. The Indian, Jeremiah Kilbuck, who had accompanied us from Goshen, had

proceeded immediately from here to New Fairfield, about forty miles away, in order to announce our coming. We left our heaviest things here and drove with a horse and wagon over a level road, leading along the river for fifteen miles, and came to John Dolson, Esq., with whom we felt at home immediately, because of an earlier acquaintance derived through his intercourse with the missionaries and inhabitants of New Fairfield. From the latter place a horse and wagon were sent, with which, accompanied by a large part of the Indian congregation and the Brethren Schmidt and Haman, as well as the sick Indian Helper, Bro. Jacob, who had come to meet us, we arrived safely at New Fairfield on June 13. We were glad and thankful for the gracious help and protection of our dear Lord, which we had experienced on our journey.

The single Bro. Renat. Schmidt and the widowed Sr. Schnall will soon begin their journey to Bethlehem, on the wagon which brought out the single Bro. Haman. The mission field was now given over to us. Here, too, we soon experienced the strong influence of the ubiquitous whisky-evil, which proved a great detriment to the congregation, especially to the men, so that it was impossible to think of carrying on the mission work without much patience and forbearance. The evil results showed themselves especially saddening at the time of the annual receipt of the imperial presents in Matoon or Amherstburgh, to which place the congregation had to go every year to get the gifts. Wicked people lay in wait for the Indians, either before they left the place or on their way home, in order to take from them their presents in exchange for whisky, and in spite of the heavy penalty set on such action, they succeeded all too well, because no one bothered himself with a crime of this sort. Therefore not a few returned with depressed and heavy hearts, on account of which the congregation not infrequently suffered. Everywhere one could see fallen faces, while others cried and complained. Others were shy and would not let themselves be seen in the meetings for a long time. There were also many who were unfortunately hardened sinners or such as had not as yet made any experience of a change of heart. We had to struggle against all sorts of evils, as for example, drunkenness, adultery, fornication, superstition and other works of darkness, which could only be driven out by the grace of God. There was therefore a feeling of mortification and sinfulness on the part of such persons who were still under the influence of the Spirit of God. From time to time, they came to their teachers and frankly talked to them of their heart's condition and occasionally, at least, received new hope and encouragement, so that they did not remain discouraged and mired in their sins so as to lose all hope.

The Spirit of God let Himself be strongly felt in such hearts and made the precious atonement of Jesus for sin extraordinarily important and enjoyable to such souls, since there was no other way open to them to find entrance into Jesus' kingdom of grace. The growth in holiness and in the following of Jesus had to be awaited with a great deal of patience in most cases. It was comforting to me to know that the betterment of the moral condition of the congregation did not depend on stringent outward regula-

tions, good as these are in their way and much as they find favor in men's eyes, but on the heart's acquaintance with its depraved and lost condition, and the soul's turning to the Saviour, with a full surrender to His care and trust thereon until the end. The slow progress which was made in a true life of faith through the work of the Spirit of God in the heart, because of the many faults and short-comings, tried my patience very much, indeed, in my efforts to further it, but also afforded me the opportunity to learn to know, not only the sinful misery of the Indian congregation but my own depravity. I strongly felt that in God's eyes, I could boast of no superiority in the presence of the greatest sinner and this taught me to exercise patience, a gift which the Lord had given me for my own life and from which a blessing flowed into my heart, which I might not have enjoyed otherwise in such rich measure. The fact that I could at this time talk with them in their own language and make all addresses in the meetings without an interpreter, stood me in good stead, and made my work among them easier amid so much intercourse with them in regard to their inner and outer affairs.

By the abandonment of Goshen on the Muskingum, the congregation at New Fairfield received a considerable increase, in the year 1821, through the Indian families of Kilbuck and White Eyes, together with others who came here from there. The sale of the Indian land on the Muskingum resulted in an annuity of \$400 for the Indian brethren, which amount was annually distributed among all the inhabitants of New Fairfield in the form of merchants' wares and articles of clothing sent to them from Detroit, or brought by them from that place. They also received other assistance for themselves and their children. It was a heavy task each year to distribute these articles among them to the satisfaction of all.

In the year 1823, a great and threatening danger arose for the Indian congregation at New Fairfield because of its location. Even before this time it was encroached upon by the white inhabitants. Now a new survey of their tract showed a great disadvantage to our settlement in that the northern border-line cut off a part of the planting-grounds of the Indian brethren, which would have exposed their settlement, in the future, to the all too close proximity of white people. The Lord helped us out of this trouble, however, and inclined to us the heart of the Governor of that time, P. Maitland, of Toronto, to whom we had turned with a written petition, and in the event, half of our tract was measured off on the south side of the river Thames, and the other half on the north side. This brought our settlement into the middle and the white settlers around us three miles away. This was a great favor and for the good of the mission, without which it could not have existed in the long run. It encouraged the Indian brethren to extend their farm land on both sides of the river, and to spread out more and more themselves, especially so because the population of the village increased a little each year.

After seventeen years' absence from the white congregations, it afforded me and my wife special pleasure, in the year 1825, to have opportunity to make a visit to Bethlehem in order to put our oldest daughter, who was in

her tenth year, in the Girls' School of that place, and to spend the Winter there. On this occasion we visited relatives at Nazareth, Schoeneck, Lititz and Lebanon, and it made us feel very humble to enjoy all the loving and friendly receptions and entertainment on the part of friends. Strengthened in body and soul, after Whitsunday, 1826, we began our homeward journey by way of New York, Albany and Buffalo, and after a fourteen days' journey, at the middle of June, safe and well-preserved, we arrived at New Fairfield to the joy of our white and brown brethren. Bro. and Sr. Haman were sick at the time, so we were soon in the harness again. The wish of the Indian Sr. Abigail was fulfilled. She had been suffering from consumption and we had expected her end long before. She constantly begged the Lord that He might permit her to live until after our return and we actually had the joy of seeing her in full consciousness, and of blessing her for her home-going, whereupon she peacefully passed away the following night.

The Indian congregation at New Fairfield had needed a new church for a long time, the old one having become too small and tumbledown. Therefore, during my stay at Bethlehem, I induced the directors of the Missionary Society to grant the necessary means for a new edifice. On September 17, 1828, in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Morley, rector of the Episcopal Church in Chatham, the new church was dedicated, which greatly encouraged the Indian congregation in their services.

Our youngest daughter having reached her eleventh year, and our post being manned by Bro. and Sr. Chr. Miksch and the widowed Bro. Adam Haman, we left for Bethlehem in order to put her also into the Boarding School. The Lord gave my wife and me the necessary grace and strength, in accordance with our calling, to begin our return journey without our children, with perfect willingness. We left Bethlehem in October, and went by way of New York, Albany and Queenstown over land to Brandfort, where we stayed a number of days on the Grand River, forty miles up-stream from the road, among the Delaware and Monsy Indians, and conducted services for them. In this way, we became better acquainted with them, which had the result, that many of them visited us later at New Fairfield and came to us. From there our way led us back again through the various Mohawk villages on the Grand River to Brandfort, from which place we went by stage to our home, one hundred and thirty miles away.

On this journey we enjoyed the gracious protection of our dear Lord. The stage-driver had become drunk and lost control of the horses, and though it was after dark, he drove rapidly, in spite of the fact that the wagon-pole had already been broken through reckless driving. When my wife and I saw our danger, we got off the wagon when a halt was made in order to get the hat of the driver, which had fallen off. We were advised to get on the wagon again, since it was impossible for us to make the journey on foot. But when we would not be persuaded, the driver drove off at full speed with the remaining passengers, part of whom were likewise merry. Since we had two miles to the next station, we comforted

ourselves with the thought that, although dark, we would reach it in time. After we had walked about half a mile, we saw a light ahead of us and thought that we were near a house by the road-side. But when we drew nearer we found to our alarm, that our travelling companions had been greatly shaken up and tossed about by fast driving over the stump of a tree, all having been thrown from the open wagon, one breaking his shoulder-blade and another being unconscious and having to be carried to the nearest house. Through the terrible jolt, the four horses succeeded in breaking away from the wagon and ran off. The wagon lay there broken to pieces, and had to be taken farther piece-meal. We thanked the dear Saviour, in the secret depths of our hearts, for He had graciously protected us from the accident by putting it into our minds to escape in time. The following day we arrived safely at our destination, after an absence of four months, and had the pleasure of finding our dear Bro. and Sr. Miksch and Bro. Haman, as also the Indian brethren, well and happy. Thus far Bro. and Sr. Miksch did not have a comfortable house, so it was decided, with the assistance of the Indian Brethren, to build them, during the following year, a house of prepared lumber, which work was done for the most part by us.

In the year 1832 the widowed Bro. Adam Haman left us with his six-year-old daughter, after having been with us in the service here for twelve years. His departure gave us sorrow, especially to my wife. It was as if she was giving up one of her own children, because she had taken the place of a mother to the little one for two years and a half.

In the fall of the year 1833 Bro. and Sr. Vogler came to us. With their help in spiritual and temporal matters, I found more time to meet the request made several years previously to translate Huebener's Bible History of the Old and New Testament into the Delaware language, which was published later by the American Tract Society in New York, and distributed as a reading-book among the Indians of this Nation. The years 1836-1837 were hard and discouraging ones to me and my co-laborers, since a part of the Indian congregation left for the West with the idea of settling on the Missouri River. To this end they had banded together and entered into negotiations with His Excellency, Governor Bondhead, requesting him to transform half of the Indian tracts lying on the north side of the Thames River into an annuity of \$600, with indemnity for the improvements on it. Those of the inhabitants who remained behind, protested, because they would thereby lose all their planting-grounds on the side mentioned, and the settlement of the white people would be brought to their doors. Those who moved away, however, would not rest until they had attained their end, and left, in July, 1837, accompanied by Bro. Vogler, in sixteen canoes. Some other Indian families from Monsy Town joined them. Since many quarrels were wont to arise between the two factions, which naturally created disturbances, those who separated themselves not having acted in as brotherly a manner as might have been desired, there was a great deal of unpleasantness, especially for me, to pass through. But our dear Lord graciously helped us also in this respect, so that eventu-

ally all difficulties were smoothed over and removed, and we were helped out of all perplexity. A written petition was sent to Governor Bondhead and approved by him, according to which the inhabitants of New Fairfield, or the part that remained behind, anew secured the planting-ground on the north side of the Thames River, which made the large road on the north side of the River Thames instead of the river, the northern boundary of the Indian tracts, for which a guarantee was received later.

The population of our village was now greatly reduced and the attendance at the meeting-house was also considerably smaller. At the same time, the change brought about more quiet and reverence in the services and appeared to make a blessed impression upon many, since encouragement to better things grew stronger and the temptations to worse things became less, because there was a greater unity among them than before. This, too, was due to the fact that outer circumstances, agriculture for example, improved exceedingly, because so many fields had been left behind for cultivation. This enabled many to extend their activities and to spread themselves out more, without much effort. We also enjoyed more peace and quiet in the village and had considerably less intemperance to fight, since the best part of the congregation had remained. There was also some increase in population, through heathen families from the Grand River, who were baptized and joined the congregation.

Bro. and Sr. Miksch and Sr. Vogler with her two children, in accordance with their call to Westfield, left here in the spring of 1838, so that for the time being all the work rested upon me and my wife. In fall, however, Bro. and Sr. Bachman came to assist us, but had to leave again in the spring of 1842 on account of the critical condition of Sr. Bachman's health, which increased our missionary labors once more. Especially so, since during the following summer a new, roomy school-house was built. By fall this was finished, and, my remaining assistant having gone to Bethlehem, the school with almost forty children was left on my hands, which labor in addition to the meetings and other church-work, so weakened my chest, that in the winter of 1843, I had to stay in the house for several months, and my recovery often seemed doubtful. Under these circumstances, being already quite advanced in years, I considered it best to ask for a release from service, which was granted me, too, at once. It gave us not a little sorrow to separate ourselves entirely from the fellowship of the dear Indian congregation, after having served it for twenty-three years and having passed through so many experiences with it, and far rather would we have closed the years of our life among them, if other conditions had not made it necessary to seek our little place of retirement in the Church.